

L O N D O N
D R O L L E R Y :

Or, The Wits Academy.

B E I N G
A Select Collection of the Newest
Songs, Lampoons, and Airs Alamode.

W I T H
Several other most Ingenious Peices of Railery
never before Published.

By W. H.



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THE
EPISTLE
TO
LONDON DROLLER.

Reader,

THe other Drolleries going so swift away,
Why should I think that this should make a stay;
For this by several Criticks has been scan'd,
And Stationer to, before he'd tak't in hand;
And being well approv'd before it came to th' Press,
I cannot think that it will have a less
Esteem abroad then any of the rest,
Because it has endur'd so severe a test.
Suspend thy Censure till thou'st fully seen't,
I do not doubt but thou'lt find something in't
Will please thy Pallet: Is thy mind Jocose,
Here's that will please, unless thou'rt too Morose:

And being suited to all humours so,
'Nought but but Impartiality can have a low
Esteem for it; The envious I value not,
For they in Peccadillo things will be so hot,
And wreak their spight on any, though unknown,
And all forsooth because 'tis not their own.
If ought do please thee, then I am well apaid,
For all these things unto that end was made:
If not, then leave it, 'tis all one to Will,
I was VV. H. and so shall be still.

Dated on May-day when so lowd it Thundered,
In Anno Seventy three and Sixteen hundred.

LONDON



LONDON DROLLERY.

A New Song.

TOo fair and unkind, when I did discover
 Those charmes, to which all that see you sub-
 Your languishing eies first made me a lover, (mit.
 And then you that Empire kept by your wit;
 For you, the soft fetters of *Phillis* I broke
 To put on a Lasse! a more rigorous yoke,
 Poor *Phillis* was kind her slave to preserve,
 You doom me to wait, and force me to starve.

2. Away with Devotion which makes you uneasy,
 And with you good humour so ill doth agree,
 (seize ye,
 Faith try but the pleasure, and when Zeal wou'd
 You'l find the fit better imploy'd upon me:
 For Love the dull Cloyster as highly exceeds
 As numbring of hearts does dropping of Beads;
 And Saints like to *Iris* are never Divine,
 Till Mortals are suffered to kneel at their shrine.

A New Song.

1. **L**ong betwixt love and fear *Phillis* tormented,
 Shun'd her own wish, yet at last she consented
 But loath the day should her blushes discover.
 Come gentle night she said,
 Come quickly to my aid,
 And a poor shameface Maid,
 Hide from her Lover.
2. Now cold as I see, I am now hot as fire,
 I dare not tell my self mine own desire,
 But let day fly away, and bid night hast her.
 Grant ye kind Powers above,
 Slow hours of parting love,
 But when to Bliss we move,
 Let 'em fly faster.
3. How sweet it is to Love, when I discover
 That fire which burns my Soul, warming my lover,
 'Tis pittty Love so true, should be mistaken,
 If that then he might be
 False or unkind to me,
 Let me die e're I see
 That I am forsaken.

A New

A New Song.

1. **T**ake heed fair *Clelia* how you tame
With your disdain *Dorastus* fame,
A noble heart when once deny'd,
Swells into such a height of pride.
Twill rather burst, then dain to be
A worshipper of Cruelty.
2. You may use common Lovers so,
My Sighs at last to Storms will grow,
And blow such scorn upon this Pride,
Will blast all I have magnified.
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.
3. O do not for a flock of Sheep,
And golden showers when as you sleep;
Nor cause Ambition often swells,
Forfake the place where honor dwells.
In *Damons* Pallace you'l never shine
So bright as in those Arms of mine.

A New Song in the Fatal Jealousie.

1. **I** Languish all Night, and sigh all the Day,
 And much to be pittied I am,
 Ere since your bright eyes
 My heart did surprize,
 I could not exstinguish the flame:
 But since you have known
 My heart was your own,
 Who before was so kind, now scornfuller grown:
 If so cruel you prove,
 To the man that you love,
 Ah Phillis, Ah Phillis, what Fate
 Alas is reserved for the man that you hate.

*The Devout Drunkard, being a Mock to, O Love
 if e're thoult ease a heart; And to that Tune.*

1. **O** Bacchus if thoult ease a Soul
 That owns thy Juicy power,
 And bleeds for that high chirping bowl,
 For which mine eyes ne're ceasing rowl
 Until I see that hour.
 Under the Tunne, I fainting waste
 A thousand times I wish to taste;
 But when I see such halting haste,
 To ease me of my thirsty pain,
 I bleed with grief in every vein.

2. But

London Drollery.

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2. But thus as I fate all alone,
I'th' deep and shady vault,
Continuing still in grief and moan,
A neighbouring drawer then came down
Which was the man in fault.
O how I strove the Rogue to chide,
He blush'd and striv'd his fault to hide,
And swore the tatling Eccho lied.
And pray'd my Passion then forbear
Least it should come to's Masters ear.

But *Bacchus* yet I'de die to gain
But one poor parting Cup,
Although it lately fill'd my Brain,
Impose on me all racks of pain
If soon I drink't not up.
Thus are poor Mortals oft abus'd,
Who long God-*Bacchus* trade have us'd,
Cause drawers often have refus'd:
When we do burn with thirsty flame,
To give us that would quench the same.

*The Dutch Insolence the occasion of the War with
them, ending with an Elegy on Mr. Boyle.*

When the Dutch States with Insolence were
grown
So monstrous big, they scarce had room for one,
They

They fought about for more, yet naught could
please

But the Dominion of the *Brittish* Seas :
In order unto which, they load the main
With Men of War, and all the world disdain,
Their *Sails* being *fel'd* with what themselves are full
They under Sail did then attempt to pull
The *power* into their own hands, from her that nurst
Them up; they did attempt, but in the attempt
they burst :

For when calm *Albion's* King a while had view'd
The monstrous preparations of this rude
Ignoble people, strait he lanch'd forth
A mighty Navy, mighty for its worth,
But for its Conduct more; being led by him
Whose glorious Actions might the *Cesars* dim,
Illustrious *James* it was, whose powerful Arm
The *Dutch* felt burning hot, when he scarce warm :
And 'mongst the Noble train did waite upon
His Royal Highness, noble *Boyle* was one :
A noble youth, who in his Aspect bore
The Characters of good, and great in store :
His person built to such a height and due
Proportion, as any thing that's true :
And with his person, such his actions were
That every move was pleasing, every move did dare
To something great : yet with such modest mean,
He was admir'd, and lov'd as soon as seen ;
And though the convex of his body wore
This taking Aspect, yet within was more :

For

London Drollery.

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For there a genious fate, so strung, that strait
To what you toucht, if what you toucht had
weight:

Above her great reason fate, which did controul
The expanding vigour of his mighty Soul:
Which like a fermentation else had broke,
The pollish'd cask, before this fatal stroke:
True courage now it was, upon whose wings
He clim'd the Tragick stage, and dar'd such things
That *Mars* himself no sooner saw, but sent
In fire and smoke, to him a Complementation:
But spightful Death, who in an ambush lay,
In this great Tragedy to chuse his prey;
Had hid himself within that Cloud of Smoke,
That *Mars* had sent, and gave that fatal stroke
By which he fell, yet honourably dy'd
In's Countries Service, by his Princes side:
His Soul then being fled, to whom 'twas due,
A contest here then about his body grew;
The Earth claim'd it as hers, and had prepar'd
In her own bowels to have it there inter'd;
But Neptune greedy of so great a prize,
Did bounce and foam, and at the Deck did rise
To demand his Dead, at which the tall
Ship bow'd her lofty Head, and Sails and all,
For nothing else could *Neptunes* wrath appease
But that same body, to adorn his Seas,
At which the Marble wept, and does weep yet,
Cause that his Name's not in her Forehead writ.

On

On the Death of the Earl of Sandwich.

IS *Sandwich* dead? Is that brave *Hero* gone
 Of *Englands* Architect, the corner Stone.
 Did he not think his dearest blood to dear
 To spend for us? and we deny a tear:
 Let's give him that, which we cannot deny
 To an expiring Valiant Enemy.
 Let's drain our eyes, and make him float again
 In our Salt tears, as once upon the Main.
 Let every one give honour to his Hearse,
 And every Poet cast on it a Verse.
 But O brave *Sandwich*, whose Pen must that be,
 That on thy Death can write an Elegie;
 Thou dy'st not like a Mortal; and if so,
 What Mortals Pen to write thy Death doth know.

The Obsequious Lover, A SONG.

1. **V**Vhen I contemplate on thy parts
 My dear *Coninna*, I despair,
 Because thou'rt Mistress of all hearts,
 And all expect to have a share.
2. How then can I expect to find
 So much as one good look from thee,
 Since all that know thee are so kind
 Thy Votaries they Vow to be.

3. One

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3. One for thy Voice admires thee much,
Another for thy Dancing to,
But if a Lute thou chance to touch
They stand amaz'd, and cannot go.
4. A third admires thy sparkling eyes
That shine like Diamonds in the night,
A fourth doth praise thy lips likewise,
Being of a Ruby colour right.
5. A fifth sets forth thy ruddy cheek
As being of so pure a hue,
That when for Roses they do seek,
There they're found, as if there they grew.
6. A sixth admires thy Swan-like skin,
A seventh doth praise thy foot and hand,
Another so thy neck and chin,
A ninth thy waste which may be span'd.
7. A tenth thy hair and other parts
To share 'em all they do agree,
On which they all do fix their hearts,
But yet I hope thy heart is free.
8. Grant me but that *Corinna* then,
'Tis only that which I do crave,
I shall be happiest of all men,
If I may live and die thy Slave.

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The Prologue to Arvicagus and Felicia.

YOU are Trapand : Invited to a Play (away.
 Which e're half done, you'l with your selves
 Tis long, 'tis sad : nay you must mark the Plot,
 Then Court not Vizard Masques, or Censure not :
 Some think if they had known as much before,
 They would have made Abatement at the door :
 We'll do it yet ; but now I think I'll stay,
 For he that took your mony's gone away :
 Something would yet be done, e're we begin,
 Well to an old Play, you have a new Prologue in,
 That's more then promised ; What if both be ill,
 Where are we then, we are your debtors still :
 To quit scores, take full liberty to day
 To Censure lowd the Actors and the Play :
 But at another time when the Play is good,
 Sit Silent, that we may be understood.
 Your Pardons Gentlemen, 'las 'tis not we
 That dare Impose : though Poets sawcy be,
 For we confess 'tis very just and fit, (wit,
 When they shew none, you should Proclaim your
 Take your full Licence as you us'd to do,
 But find just faults, or else they'l censure you.

On

On a Shrew.

S Shrew being blam'd, because she shew'd
Not so much Reverence as by right she ow'd
Unto her Husband : She reply'd she might,
Forbear then complaint of me, I do him right,
His will is mine, he would bear Rule, and I
Desire the same only by Sympathy.

The Prologue to the Widdow.

Now that the Season of the War is past,
We well had hop'd to see you here at last,
But you this Winter find out other ways
To kill your selves, and to destroy our Plays,
You meet in Masquerade to pass your time
Without the help of Reason or of Rime,
You talk, and cheat each other in disguise,
And draw ten blanks of Beauty for one prize
Were Visor of, and all were bound to come,
And shew your homely Faces in the Room,
Each one would cry to see the rest appear,
Now what the Dev'l do these damn'd faces here.
Then he who seem'd a Lord in that dumb show,
Prove some young Spark of Pater-Noster-Row.
And she who in disguise appear'd so pretty,
Turns up her Masque and shews the Orange Betty.
Thus

Thus tir'd with want of pleasure home we creep,
 And all next day, you lie a Bed and sleep,
 Mean time our empty Seats, your absence mourn,
 We sigh (but Poets think of you with scorn)
 For Courting still your selves, you seem to say,
 That you Heaven Love, you have more wit then
 they,
 And that one Scen o'th' Couch, is worth a Play.

The Epilogue to the Widdow.

THe Stage is like a Gaming-house, where you
 Still throw at all, we bring more old then new
 And you of late have so succesful bin,
 That to our cost, what e're we set, you win
 But now we so much cunning understand
 To loose but little, and to starve your hand,
 We butter not, but take the safest way
 To set you a small sum, a poor old Play
 If you are kind, throw out for this one stake,
 For faith 'tis all we can at present make
 The Poets and the Players now are poor,
 But in our next new house, we'l set you more.

A Song

A Song in the Dutch Lovers.

1. **A** *Myntas* led me to a Grove
Where all the Trees did shade us ;
The Sun it self, though it had strove,
It could not have betray'd us.
The place secur'd from humane Eyes,
No other fear allows,
But when the Winds that gently rise,
Do kill the yielding Boughs.

2. Down there we sat upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanton tricks, to pass
The heat of all the day.
A many Kisses he did give,
And I receiv'd the same,
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name.

3. His Charming Eyes no aid requir'd
To tell their Amorous Tale ;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas easie to prevail
He did but kiss, and clasp me round,
Whilst those his thoughts exprest,
And laid me softly on the ground :
O who can guess the rest !
And there I took my rest.

B

The

The second Song in the Dutch Lovers.

1. **A**H false *Amyntas*! can that hour
 So soon forgotten be,
 When first I yielded up my power
 To be betray'd by thee?
 Heaven knows with how much Innocence
 I did my heart resign
 Unto thy faithless Eloquence,
 And gave thee what was mine.

2. I had not one reserve in store,
 But at thy Feet I laid
 Those Arms which conquer'd heretofore,
 Though now thy Trophies made.
 Thy Eyes in silence told their Tale
 Of Love in such a way,
 That 'twas as easie to prevail,
 As after to betray.

VVhen onely one doth guide the Ship,
 That neither Card nor Compass knows,
 The Master, Pilot, Men asleep,
 The stately Ship is split on shoals.
 But when they wake, they start, and tare, and cry,
 Who's in the fault? Nor I, nor I, nor I.

So

Even so it fares with a High and Mighty State,
Not guided by the Master, but the Mate.

*The Disconsolate Girl for the loss of her Love,
lately Prest to Sea.*

The Tune, Bory Versaile.

1. **A**S I was sitting on the Grass
Within a silent shady Grove,
I over-heard a Countrey-Lass,
Was there bewailing of her Love.
My Love, says she,
Is ta'en from me,
And to the Wars is prest and gone ;
He's march'd away,
And gone to Sea,
Alack, alack and welladay,
And left me here alone.
2. My Love he was the kindest man,
There's none that's like him in the Town,
He'd gently take me by the hand,
And give me many a brave green Gown.
With kisses sweet
He wou'd me greet,
And often sing a roundelay ;
And sometimes smile,

London Drollery.

Then chat a while,
That so we might the time beguile,
A live-long Summers day.

3. My Love on *May-day* still would be
The earliest up of all the rest,
With Scarffs and Ribbons then would he
Of all the Crew be finest drest ;
With Morris-Bells,
And fine things else :
But when the Piper 'gan to play,
He danc'd so well,
I heard 'em tell,
That he did all the rest excel,
And bore the Bell away.

4. The Man that took my Love away,
Was too too harsh, and too severe,
I gently on my Knees did pray
That he my Love wou'd then forbear.
I offer'd too
A breeding Ewe,
And eke a Lamb that was my own :
Do what I cou'd,
It did no good,
But left me in this pensive mood
To sigh and make my moan.

5. I now will pray the Wars may cease,
That I agen may see my Love ;

And

And that the Bullets may him miss,
I will intreat the Powers above ;
Which if they grant,
I then will chant
Abroad their Praises every day ;
And with my charms
Secure from harms
My dearest Love within mine Arms,
And leave off *Welladay*,

A Song in Praise of Drinking.

Tune, *Mr. Smith's Jig*, call'd *Mrs. Madge's Jig*.

I. **C**ome take up your Cups, and leave off this
Prittle prattle, Boys,
Away with disputes, they're onely
Fit for the Schools :
Then trole it about, and call for the
t'other Pottle, Boys,
Who loves not the Juice of the Grape
Are counted but Fools.
For poring on Books will make a man
Dull and muddy too,
And often doth fill the Brain with
Frenzy and pains ;

But we with Canary, without any
Pain or study too,
Copernicus-like, can turn the World
Round with our Brains.

2. A Couple I knew that were besotted
With Love of late,
And both to be free from *Cupid's*
Bands did desire ;
The one did resolve to study, and
Make his Book his Mate,
The other by *Bacchus* resolv'd
To extinguish his Fire.
For he that by Study did think
To cast those thoughts away,
Did meet with a Subject still that
Did add to his Flame.
But tother by Drinking the thoughts
Of Love did so allay,
He had almost forgotten that ever
He had any Danie.

3. Then off went their Hats, and off
Went all their studious thoughts,
And every one did praise the
Juice of the Vine.
And then unto *Bacchus* all did there
Confess their faults,
And vow'd they'd be daily offering
Unto his Shrine.

For *Mars* is mad, and *Cupid's* an
Ass, and *Apollo* too,
Who thinks by Fighting and Charmes,
And Books to undo us,
But *Bacchus* shall be our Protector,
And him we'll follow to ;
Being under his Banner, what
Mischeif can ever come to us.

The Courtiers Wooing a Country-Lass.

The Tune *Johnsons Fig.*

TELL me my *Betty*, why so nice and coy, (had,
Remember the merry pastimes that we have
We might ere this a gotten a Lusty Boy,
A pox of a Jointure, I think thou'lt make me mad.
I'll settle upon thee kisses sweet and plenty,
From one unto two, and so from ten to twenty,
Nay more then that, I'll settle my self upon thee,
The finest covering yet thou ere had'st on thee.

2. When that is done, I'll give thee a Silken gown
Shall trail behind thy feet a pretty space,
Of the modishest Silk that now is wore in Town,
And laid in every seam with Silver Lace ;
Thy Petticoat shall be of Silk Prunellay,
O'th' self same peice that was made for *Arabella*.

Thy Stockins of *London* Silk, well knit together,
And thy every days shoes shall be of *Spanish* leather.

3. I'll take thee a house in any street i'th Town,
Which thou shalt pitch upon for thy delight,
And furnish some o'th Rooms with Beds of down
For thee and I to lye on every Night; (thee,
Thou also shalt have a Chamber-maid to attend
Shall study to please thy humor and never offend
And whensoever thou shalt call upon her, (thee.
She'll answer Madam, a purpose to give thee
(honour.

4. Some days we will betake us to a Play,
And then we'll Coach about to see our Friends,
And then another day, toth' Park away,
Or wheresoever still thy Fancy bends,
And so toth' Mulberry Garden we'll have a fling to,
And then in St. *James* his Park we'll see the King to,
Where many fine Gallants and Ladies walk for
(pleasure,
But thee alone shall still be my greatest treasure.

5. If this will do, then let me know thy mind,
And give me but a kifs to Seal the same,
Thou shalt have two for one, I'll be so kind
And pay it on thy Lips, from whence it came.
She then did fly into his armes to chear him,
And wisht no other harm might ere come near him.
As he was hers, so she was his for ever, (sever,
And nought but death, shou'd ere their true Love

On

On a Neat but Noble Cheese-feast lately in London;

To the Scotch Tune, Sit thee down by me.

1. **I**'le tell you of a Treat in *Throckmorton-street*,
Where many good Friends of late there did
(meet,
Where divers sorts of Cheese was so well drest,
That I ne'er yet saw such a Cows-bobby Feast.
2. The first dish of Cheese that was then serv'd in
Was three fat Pullats, with Bacon between
Lac'd round with Sprouts, that I'll swear at first
(sight,
I thought 'thad bin Bacon and Pullats downright.
3. The next dish of Cheese that came to the bord
Was a whole half-Lamb a dish for a Lord,
But I know 'twas Cheese, I'de a swore 'thad bin
The Baby of a Ewe, or very near a kin.
(up,
4. The third dish of Cheese that was then brought
Was a Pie with Oysters, and Shrimps to the top
Mingled with Sweet-meats, but that I knew
'Twas Cheese, I'de thought 'thad bin a Pie to.
(clean,
5. The fourth dish of Cheese, though tother were
Yet this all Foul, all Fat, none Lean, (done,
As wild Ducks, Wood-cocks, and Larks, so well
You'd swear 'twere not Cheese, but foul ev'ry one.

6. Now

6. Now God to bless our good Benefactors both
That gave us such Cheese, first Boil'd in broth,
The next Rost, then Bak'd, then Rost agen to,
None tosted, as the *Welchmen* uses to do.

The Welchmans Wooing his Mistris.

To the *Scotch* Tune as above.

1. **S**Hinkin was tell Hur sorrowful tale,
Of Hur pright Pigsnie live in *Wale*;
How Hur was to *Guenith* a Wooing Ride,
With Hur prave Puckler and Swerd by hur side.

2. First Hur was take Hur by the white hand,
And lead Hur over the Mountain land,
Which Hur Cousin *Shinkin*, *ap Morgan*, *ap Shone*,
Was fery well kenow was all hur owne.

3. Then Hur was Sing Hur a Wisdom Song,
Was make in *London* creat while agone
Of Hur Puty pright, but *Guenith* was scorn,
That *Shinkin* with Love was quite forlorn.

4. Then Hur was call for *Welch* Harp, to try
To play fore *Guenith* Melodiously,
But Hur was greeve, cause *Guenith* was chide,
That *Shinkin* with Love was almost died.

5. Then

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5. Then Hur was dance a Coranto to,
Was learn in London pig while ago,
But Hur was slight still all *Shinkins* art,
That *Shinkin* for Love was preak her heart.

6. Last Hur was reckon hur Pettigree true,
From *Shinkin*, ap *Thomas*, ap *Rees*, ap *Hugh*,
But *Guenith* was cry, and from hur was flew,
So Hur was pid Cruel *Guenith* adew.

The Innocent Girles Reveng'd.

A Song and true Story.

1. **J**immy and Nelly together,
Did both of 'em fancy *Will*,
Yet *Willy* regarded neither,
But Courted his *Molly* still,
Yet *Willy* they say,
Did keep'm in Play,
And privately call'd 'em his dear,
And *Finny* and *Nelly*,
The Truth to tell ye,
Did both of 'em make him good chear

2. To day wou'd *Willy* to *Finny* go,
O'th morrow with *Nelly* wou'd be,
But neither o'th Girles did ever know
That he with both was so free ;

For

For *Finny* did think
 She was at the brink
 Of Marriage with *Willy* alone,
 And *Nelly* likewise,
 Did always surmise,
 That she should have *Willy* or none.

3. *Finny* sometimes to *Willy* gave
 A Favour, and Gloves, or Rings,
 And *Nelly* wou'd always ready have
 The like, or some other things,
 But what e're he got,
 He kept not a jot,
 But gave 'em to *Molly* at Night,
 That *Willy* and *Molly*,
 Did laugh at the folly
 Of *Finny* and *Nelly* out-right.

4. But *Molly* wou'd still be prating,
 As Women are use to do,
 And spoke of the Lasses treating
 Of *Willy*, and presents to,
 And how he gave her
 The Rings and Favors,
 That they had presented to *Willy*,
 And then by your Leaves,
 They laught in their sleeves
 That Lasses shou'd e're be so silly.

5. But now I must tell you the knack on't,
 To *Finny* and *Nelly* 'twas known,

That

That *Molly* did use to crack on't
In several places in Town,
But *Nell* on her Brest,
Did see at a Feast
The Favour to *Willy* she gave,
And *Jeany* likewise,
On her finger espies
The Ring she'd giv'n to the Knave.

6. Then *Finny* and *Nelly* acquainted
Some friends of theirs that were come,
And told how their credits were tainted
By *Will* and *Mall* in the Room.
Then they by a Wile,
Did *Willy* beguile,
And got him into a yard by,
And so they mumpt him,
For soundly they pumpt him,
Until he for pardon did cry.

7. Then *Molly* did kick and fling to,
And fum'd like a furmety pot,
So from her they took the Ring to,
And what of theirs she had got,
Then out they pull'd her,
And presently cool'd her,
For under the Pump they plac'd her,
And when they had done,
They bid her go home,
And brag how much they had grac'd her.

*A Song to the first Figure Dance at Mr. Young's
Ball in Feb. 72.*

1. **C**ome Lads and Lasses,
And hasten your paces,
For this is a merry Dancing day;
'Tis *May-Day* you know
And the Clock has struck Two
And now the Piper begins to play.
The *May-Pole's* seated,
And Bower's compleated,
With Cakes and Ale attending,
And Cream and Cheese-cakes,
With Sider and Biskets,
And all of the Parishes sending.

2. My Lord and Lady
Have long been ready,
And both of 'm deckt as fine as may be,
So rich on my word
He looks like a Lord,
And she's as fine as a *Barilemew* Baby.
She is dress'd to day
So wonderful gay,
With that she has gotten together;
And likewise is he
As Gallant as she,
With his new fashion Hat and Feather.

3. There's

London Drollery.

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3. There's *John* a the Mill to,
With *Joan* a the Hill to,
Have both been there an hour ago ;
And *Will* of the *bell* to
With high dancing *Nell* to
And clad in their best Apparel to.
And *George* a the green,
Is there to be seen,
Together with cherry cheekt *Hester* ;
And *Betty* and *Richard*,
With dainty fine *Bridget*
Who came with her capering *Kester*.

4. Then for our-Town hey,
They every one cry,
And each did take his Lass by th' hand ;
And about they go
The Green too and fro,
And round the May-pole : then make a stand,
So the Piper then
Fell to it agen,
And *Sellenger's* Round did Play 'um,
And to it they went,
They were all so bent,
The Devil a one could stay 'um.

5. And so they continue
With all their Retinue,
Until they were tir'd with Dancing quite ;
The Piper likewise,
Cou'd scarce keep his eyes Open,

Open, for playing from morn till night,
 Then hey for the Ale
 And Cakes they do call,
 And down in the Bowers they set 'em,
 And when they had done,
 Then every one,
 Away to their homes did get 'em.

*A Song on the Morris at Mr. Youngs Ball,
 And to that Tune.*

Some Pretty Ladies on a day,
 Did go abroad a Maying,
 And on the gentle grafs they lay,
 Till the Fidler fell a Playing.
 Then in a trice
 They all did rise
 With every one a Feather,
 And hand in hand
 They made a stand
 Four and four together.

2. Then every one began to meet,
 And tim'd the Musick truly,
 And with their pretty nimble feet
 Did keep their measures duly.
 Then all came out,
 And Danc'd about,
 And fixt into a figure,

And

And so began
The Morris than
With pretty might and vigour.

3. And first fair T. D. did begin,
Whose dancing scarce has fellow,
And Lovely S. B. follow'd in
Whose dress was comly yellow.

Then pretty Li
Tript out and in,
And footed it most neatly;
And witty Sm
did likewise with
The rest do all compleatly.

4. Then strait-limb'd Gr. wheel'd about
Her pretty La. to greet still
Who in no figure was but
But handsomly did meet still.

Then airy Ma
Got credits Badge,
By'r true and lofty measure;
She well did do,
And so did to
Pretty lively L----r.

5. Thus have you heard the Morris out,
Though none were so oth crew then
They prettily did turn about
And e'ry one danc't true then.

London Drollery.

And at the last,
 But not too fast,
 They made their Honors neatly;
 And who can say
 That very day
 But all was done compleatly?

On his Valentine.

IF I may claim my own, than you are mine
 Throughout this year to be my Valentine;
 But you perhaps may brand me with the Name
 Of Impudent; but Madam, know the blame
 Is not in me; for 'twas a chance of mine
 That drew your self to be my Valentine:
 Therefore if you will needs displeased be,
 You must with chance be angry: not with me.

A Scotch Song.

1. **K**ilt thy Coate Paggy,
 Kilt it to thy knee,
 Change thy mind dear hunny,
 And gang along wi' me.

But

But Iſe not kilt my Coate,
Nor Iſe not change my boone;
Nor Iſe not kiſs no Lads
Tall *Will* cooms to Toone.

2. Change thy mind ſweet *Paggy*,
For *Willy* Leov's not thee;
To Leove, and not Leove agen.
Is a fooliſh fantaſie:
I prathee ſweet Leove be waife,
And well adviſed be,
And quickly kilt thy Coate
And gea alang with me.

3. There's nothing can withſtand
A willing ſetled moind,
There's neither Sea nor Land,
Shall make me ſtay behind;
But the ſteans that lye in Fields
My pillows needs muſt be,
But, O mine ean ſweet *Willy*
Iſe long to Ligg with thee.

A New Catch.

1. **H**E that Marries a Girle that's fair,
If he be a Cuckold, he needs not diſpair,
He may be ſav'd without a Prayer
For the ſins of his Wiſe ſhall ſave him.

But he that Marries an ugly Whore,
 And takes a Wench on another score,
 May say his Prayers o're and o're,
 But at length the Devil will have him.

The Old and Decrepit Beggers Wedding.

W*Hilom* there was an Aged Begger Old,
 In his life full fourscore Winters told;
 His Head all frozen, Beard long, white as snow,
 With a staffs propp. uneath else might he go
 With bleared eyne, all parched dry and cold
 With shaking-Palsey, little could he hold:
 His Cloaths so tatter'd, for they were so worn,
 Older than he, in many pieces torn;
 The subtlest eye, and prying'st brain, those seen,
 Both could not guess what stuff't had ever been:
 On's Cloak more several patches there did stick,
 That labour'd *Algebras* with all his Magick,
 Could once tell how to number; and was fuller
 Then was the Rainbow of each various colour:
 But not so fresh: so faden when they were seen,
 That none could guess, which red, which blew,
 (which green,
 His Turf-house lean'd to an old stump of Oak,
 A hole a top there was to void the smoke: (fed,
 Cover'd with stoln boughs, which could not be
 But by his daily begging, daily Bread:

There

There on a little bench I'll leave him then,
Within a while I'll speak of him agen.

Another Begger-woman, a little sunder'd
From him, whom all the Town said was a hunderd:
Toothless she was, nay worn were all her gums,
And all her fingers too were worn to thumbs:
Wrinkles, deep graves to bury all delight,
Eyes new sunk holes; little she had of sight:
Little could speak, as little Sense could tell,
Seldom she heard, sometimes the great Town-bell.
A long forgetfulness her Legs had seiz'd,
For many years her Crutches had them eas'd.
Cloths, thousand rags tore with the wind and wea-
(ther,
Her House-wifry long since had sow'd together.
No livelyhood, but Charity grown cold,
As she was this, more than her years made old.

In a hot Summers day, they out did creep,
Inlivened just like flies, for else they sleep:
Creeping at last, each one to other get
Lowling each other, kindly thus they met:
Apollo's Master-piece shining did aim
To light dead ashes sparks: not make a flame.
To stir up Nature in 'em now so cold,
And whither *Cupid* dwells in them who are old?
Now heat and kindness made him try to kiss her,
Her palsied-head so shak'd he still did miss her:

He thought of modesty, she 'gainst her will
 Striving to please him, could not hold it still :
 She mumbled, but he could not understand her,
 But cry'd sweet *Hero*, I'll be thy *Leander* : -
 She said before we met, cold as a stone is,
 I was : but now am *Venus*, thou *Adonis*.
 Such heights of passions, Love had brought these

(two,

As youngest Lovers, when they gin too woo :
 For *Cupid's* reign o're Mankind still will have,
 He governs from the Cradle to the Grave :
 Their vertues such, not sin ; yet would not tarry,
 So heated, vow'd a contract then to Marry :
 This Marriage now divulg'd was every where
 To Neighbour Beggars ; Beggars far and near.
 The day appointed, and the Marriage set,
 The lame, the blind, the deaf, they all were met,
 Such throngs of Beggars, Women, Children seen,
 Muster'd all on the Town's fair grassy green :
 The Bridegroom led between two lame men so,
 Because our Bridegroom fast he could not go :
 The Bride was led by Blindmen, close behind,
 Because you know that Love is alwayes blind.
 The Hedge-Priest then, which they did with them

(bring,

Marry'd them both with an old Curtain Ring.
 No Father there was found, or could be ever,
 She was so old, that there was none to give her :
 With acclamations now of louder joy,
 Pray'd *Hymen Priapus* to send a Boy

To

To shew a miracle in vows most deep,
 The Parish swore their Children all to keep.
 Then *Tom a Bedlam* wound his horn : at best
 Their Trumpet, now to bring away the Feast,
 Pick'd Marrow-bones they'd found lately in the
 (Street,
 VVith Carrots, kicke out of Kennels with their
 (feet :
 Crusts gather'd up, for bisket 'twas so dry'd
 As ift lain in Alms-Tubs long, and more beside :
 Many such dishes had, but yet 'twould cumber,
 Any to name them ; more than I can number :
 Then came the Banquet, that must never fail,
 Which the Town gave ; that's white-bread, and
 (strong Ale ;
 Each was so Tipsie that they could not go,
 And yet would dance, and cry for Musick ho :
 Grid-irons & Tongs, with Keys they plaid on to,
 And blindmen sung to them, as us'd to do :
 Some that were there, on hollow sticks did
 (sound,
 And so melodiously they play'd a round :
 Lame men, lame Women, mingled cry'd advance,
 And so all limping Jovially did Dance :
 The Deaf men to, for they must not forbear,
 When they saw this, although they could not
 (hear :
 Which was their happiness : now to the house
 Of Bridegroom brought the Bride, each Drunk
 (as Mouse.
 No

No room for any but them two they saw,
 So laid them down in Bed of fresher straw;
 Then took their leaves, put out the rushy light,
 But they themselves did revel all the night:
 The Bridegroom busles now, kist, and said friend,
 But when he kist, thought 'twas at t'other end:
 He cry'd her mercy, said he could not look
 It was so dark, and thought he had mistook:
 No said the Bride most sweetly then y'are right,
 As if our Taper here were burning bright:
 They bust, and kist, and bust agen, and kist,
 And she though Palsy head, it seldom mist;
 They both now fill'd with Ale, brains in't did
 (steep
 So Arms in Arms, our Lovers fell asleep:
 So, for the will, though nothing else indeed
 To Love, the Beggars built a Piramide.

The Epilogue to the Beggars Wedding.

TOth' Beggars Trade, I've serv'd 2 Prentiships,
 For which I know I've tasted several whips:
 Give your advice, d'ye think I now am made
 Free o'th' Beggars Company, and the Trade:
 My mind in secret to your ear I speak,
 Is such, as I am sure I shall not break,
 Unless in passion, when no meat I get,
 When Belly-timber wants, 'twill make one fret.

For

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For otherwise, when abroad I lead my *Scorta*,
We each may say, *Omnia mea, mecum porto*,
And being Philosophers, there's none will scant
Their pittance to us, that we ne'r shall want,
Then let *Boreas* burst his cheeks, an' *Sea* roar,
The Beggars bark can ne'r be tumbled o'r :
What fitter subject for my Muse can be,
Than make Descriptions of our company ;
But being in hast, and for some causes vext
I'll cease : and happily may say more i'th' next.

For the Beggars theam too well my fortunes fit,
My Fancy's beggarly too, faith and so's my wit.

TWO Lords, 4 Knights, 3 Squires, and I the least,
My kind Friend *Will*, bids unto his feast,
Where was both fish, and flesh, and all such cates
Which men are wont to have, that feast great
(states,
To pay for which next day he sold his Nag,
Of whose swift pace, he used much to brag :
Well, I'll ne'r care for red and fallow Deer,
If that a Horse so Cook'd, make so good cheer.

A Song!

A Song.

1. **T**Is true fair *Phillis*, heretofore
 I your Beauty did adore,
 And gave my Captive heart a prize
 To the conquest of your eyes.

2. But since that you so cruel prove,
 To reject my chastest love,
 And do wound me by disdain,
 Give me back my heart again.

3. Although I'm sure I cannot be
 Contented with my liberty ;
 I am resolved to submit
 To good old Sack to cherish it.

On his fair, but faithless Mistress.

GO perjur'd Wretch, women I'll court no more
 Since *Delia* false doth prove, who always
 (swore
 In true affection she would constant prove ;
 Yet now forgets mine, for anothers love :

Now

Now every feature which appear'd to me
So beautiful, is meer deformity ;
Her face which heretofore Angels outride,
Is Leprous with her falshood, and her pride :
Then since no constancy in Women can
Be found : I'll make my-Amours to a man.

A Song.

1. **I** Dye, and yet I dare not speak
To her who doth my passion move,
This thought alone my heart doth break ,
To know I dare not own my Love.

When e'r I see her charming eyes,
I straight become her Sacrifice :
She's fair, which makes me doubt she'll prove
So cruel to reject my love.

2. Upon this Altar of my heart
Love's pure, and chastest flames do burn,
When Love and Death shall act their part,
If she but look within my Urn.

Engraven on my heart, she'll see
The Idea of her my Deitie,
My Epitaph shall be my fate,
My Love made me unfortunate.

*The Jealous Girl mistaken, in a Dialogue between
Menalcas and Licoris.*

1. **H**ere, here, my fair *Licoris*,
Sit thee down thy weary'd Limbs to rest,
Where drooping Violets so like thy self,
Have made for thee a Nest.

Grass for our Sheep here store is,
And a shade the Sun can ne'r infest
As dark and gloomy, as the greif
Wherewith thou seem'st so sore oppress'd.

Now let me know
The cause of thy dear Woe,
Whose precious Food
Is of thy Tears and Blood;
And for whose nourishment,
Thy self thou near hast spent.

2. *Menalcas* dost thou ask it,
Need the root inquire what Fruit it bears;
Thou wer't the Spring of all my Joys
And Fountain Art of all my Tears.

Therefore do no more Mask it,
Pitty Friend worse then true scorn appears,
I shortly shall be gone, and with me yours,
And your Faith *Phillis* fears.

'Tis

'Tis she False man,
Makes me so pale and wan,
So sorrow slain,
With that she wept amain,
And hung her gentle head
Like to a Lilly dead.

3. With that the Shepherd moved
Both his eyes and hands to Heaven, he heav'd
His spotless faith he vow'd, and she
Alas unhappily deceav'd.

That he ne'r *Phillis* Loved
More then ripe ears do love, the stormy wind,
But in *Licoris* all his hopes
Eternally should be confin'd.

Quoth she, fie, fie,
Add no more perjury,
I saw the Band
Of our true Loves on her hand.
The Ring I thee first gave
Sav'd thy life, and dig'd my grave.

4. With that the Shepherd smiled
In his heart, glad that he could untie
With so much ease, the knot of poor
Licoris headless Jealousie.
My Life thou art beguiled
Quoth the Swain, with that the Ring pull'd out
Yet seeming reason some there was
For this, thy but too loving doubt

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For *Corydon*,
 By thy Ring made her one
 Like as the Lambs
 Mistaken by their Dams ;
 But this is thine, and I
 More for it till I die.

5. Long sate the Girl ashamed,
 'Till at last, about his Neck she stole
 Her Arm, then *Venus* belt a better
 Cord to hold a wavering Soul.

Her Jealousie she blamed,
 In his brest she hid her bashful head,
 And whisper'd to his heart, that if
 He lov'd her not, she was but dead,
 That no man ere
 To her was half so dear,
 His Pardon pray'd,
 Yet being sore afraid
 To loose so sweet a friend,
 Had almost wrought her end.

6. *Menalcas* then embrac'd her,
 Protesting that he lov'd her well before,
 But now he vow'd that nought but
 Death should ever part 'em more.
 Now he in's heart had plac'd her,
 Cause she for love of him was brought so low,
 There's nought but too much love I find
 Has wrought *Licoris* overthrow.

For

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For Jealousie,
There's no man can deny,
Though grown a weed,
But to come of noble seed.
And no where to be found
But in Loves richest ground.

On his Beautiful Mistriss,

*To my M. B. quintessence of Beauty,
I John Thump does present my duty.*

MY dearest *Maudlin*, dain me at this time,
Thy incomparable parts to blaze in modest
Crime,
That all hereafter which shall hear thy Story,
Will say that 'tis to thy Immortal glory :
O thou that able art to take to task all,
Pox, what will rime to that? I am a Rascal
If I know, 'tis no matter, but for thy credit
I've pen'd a Poem ; Prethee tak't and read it,
Thou need'st not be asham'd of't, for it raises
Trophies as high as Maypoles to thy praises :
And first in order, it thy head doth handle,
That's more obicular than a Quadrangle,
O'th' top of which doth grow a tuft of tresses,
Winter her self array'd in her hoary dresses ;

Nay.

Nay a frost looks not more lovely, thy brows truly
Have larger furrows then a field plow'd newly.

Thine eyes, hey eyes! I'am now so full of clinches!
Are not sunk into thy head, 'bove 16. Inches
From whence distilling, gently there doth stream
Two Rivers of whey mixt with curded Cream.

Thy ears are like two pouches which do hang
(byth' side

Of a Brawny Ale-wife, when they are not tide.

Strait as a Ramshorn is thy Nose, more Marrow
Lies in thy Nostrils then will fill a Barrow;

And at thy lip, to make it Ornamental,
Hangs down a Jewel of Snot most Oriental,
The bright gold and thy hair is of one colour,

But it compar'd with thee, that's the duller;

Thy lips are white as Tallow, never man did
Buss sweeter things, sure they'r Sugar-candid;

And that i'th' Winter, she may be free from harm,

They'r thatcht with hair sweet Soul to keep her
(care,

Her Teeth more comly then two durty rakes

Her Breath is stronger then a dozen Jakes are.

A fig for all Perfumes, a fart for Roses, (Noses,
Smelt men but thee, they'd wish themselves all

Thy Voice is Musical, and sweet and fine is

As any Heg, or Hag, that ninety nine is,

And when thou talk'st, as if thou wert the wonder
Of Women kind, thou art as still as Thunder;

And then for thickness 'bout thy lovely waste,

Thou'rt larger then a Cow is when thou'rt lac'd,
Thy

Thy Butt----- and the fashion are so all one,
 That I'd a fswore thou hadst a Fardingal on.
 Thy Thighs are like two Posts that bear a Wind-
 (mill up,
 Whose Sails are turn'd by th'wind that comes from
 (the top.
 Thy Legs are Badger-like, and go as even
 As do Iambick Verse, or splay-legg'd Steven.
 And where she was born, that you may not be mis-
 (ta'en,
 You'll find by her Legs her Birth was *Crooked Lane*.
 And now I am come to thy Foot, where I do
 Prostrate my self with rev'rence to thy Shoe;
 Which for Antiquity never a jot behind is
Tom Coriats, that travell'd both the *Indies*.
 Thy Feet indeed, and I commend thee for't,
 Are lovely thick, and excellently short:
 She needs must dance well, I do long to see't,
 She keeps her Toes out so, and her Heels do meet.
 For thy sweet sake I will go down to *Pluto*,
 And in thy quarrel beat him black and blew too;
 And lest Sir *Cerberus* should be too lusty,
 I have a Loaf will hold him play: 'tis crusty.
 I'll have the Dev'l back with me in a Snaffle,
 For in that kind I scorn to have a baffle.
 And so I take my leave, my dearest Pumkin,
 And when I meet thee next, I'll kiss thy-----hand.

D

A Catch

A Catch : By Wine, Ale, and Beer.

1.

Wine. **I** Jovial Wine exhilarate the heart.

Beer. March-Beer is Drink for a King.

Ale. But Ale, bonny Ale, with Spice and a Toast,
In the Morning's a dainty thing.

Chorus. Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away,
Wine, Beer and Ale shall be drunk to day.

2.

Wine. I Generous Wine am for the Court.

Beer. The City calls for Beer :

Ale. But Ale, bonny Ale, like a Lord of the Soil,
In the Countrey shall domineer.

Chorus. Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away,
Wine, Beer and Ale shall be drunk to day.

The

The Wretched Lover. A Song.

1.

SEE how I wretched Lover prostrate lie,
Bound in your Chains, and yet at liberty :
Striving the Tyes which hold me to unfold ;
They being tangled, me the straighter hold.

2.

The Beams shot from your Eyes do me inflame,
From thence I burn : O that you felt the same !
And whilst I struggle to evade the fire,
It still is blown up by my vain desire.

3.

I'm like a Ship which in a Storm is tost,
Fearing on Rocks each moment to be lost :
It strives unto the Haven to attain,
But is by adverse VVinds blown back again.

4.

Thus in Love's Labrinth do I run about,
And find no way by which I may get out.
Lend me the Clue ; but if you that deny,
Then come your self, and stay eternally.

D 2

A

A Catch to Cupid.

IN vain, O mighty God of Love,
 Thou shoot'st thy Arrows from above;
 And with thy too imperious Dart
 Dost hit my *Phillis* frozen Heart:
 For as a strong and well-built Wall
 Doth back return the Tennis-Ball;
 So doth her Adamantine-Heart
 Reverberate thy Fiery Dart.

On a Rhodomontade.

Fortune, the Mother of Inconstancie,
 Doth pride her self that she may constant be
 To me, whose Breath can whirl her Wheel about,
 And with a look can put the Gods in doubt.
 I with a word the Sun in's full career
 Can stop, and th' Heavens on my Shoulders bear.
 I from fierce Thundring *Jove* can's Scepter take,
 And with a frown can make *Black Pluto* quake.
 I hopping *Vulcan* from his Fiery Cave
 Can drag, and make him to become my Slave.

I with one single word int' Atoms can
Dispatiate, and turn the Stoutest Man
Into a Chaos : I the Universe
Can change, and the Decrees of Fate reverse.

To a Handsome Lady, being accounted Light; Exhorting her to change her Life.

M Adam, Whoe'er looks on your radiant Eyes,
Struck with the Beams, he falls, and prostrate lies :

And being deeply wounded with the Dart,
Straight for a Victim offers up his Heart;
But rising, he his Errour soon doth see;
Because your Form and Virtues disagree.
Your Beauty makes him ready to adore;
Your Vices to detest that which before
He honour'd so: So that you do create
At once a Subject for his Love and Hate.
Was but your Beautie deckt with Chastitie,
Then I should think you were some Deitie.
But 'tis in vain to speak, I clearly see
That two such Gifts can in no Woman be:
Then now your self more than a Woman prove,
By being fair, to fly all dissolute Love.

On a Fisher that lost his Prey, his Angle breaking.

IN vain the Fisher strikes, and tries his Skill
 Upon the foolish Fish, that he may kill;
 But rather Arms with Craft the silly Fish,
 To flie his Bait, and so avoid his Dish.
 VVhen being unexpert he doth compose
 His Angle slightly, and his Prey doth lose.

A Song against a Single Mistress.

1. **F**Ain would I love my *Delia* two days more,
 She kisses sweetly, and so nimbly stir'd;
 And he that loves his Mistress or a VVhore
 Above two days, let him be hang'd the third.
 Two days again is Physick; so long she
 That's after poyson, may prove health to me.
2. What did I say? Two days? I did repent
 As of my doating and intemperate stay;
 In shorter time my doating may be spent,
 For *Venus* self it seems, try'd but a day.

But

But she who this day may be true to me,
To morrow I may find in Bed with thee,

3. Tis not the Number nor Plurality
That swells the sin, or greater makes the shame.
One as an hundred is Adultery,
Though change the Person, yet the sin's the same.
*To kiss a hundred Whores is no more Crimes
Than 'tis to kiss one Whore a hundred times.*

4. Born under some ill Planet, or accurst,
Sure is that Man that loves one single VVhore,
And with one drink does always quench his thirst,
And loves one single Mistres, and no more.
*There's no more Curse, nor other torments here,
Nor greater Plague, than love one Whore too dear.*

*On a Maid that dy'd for Love, her Parents
not giving Consent.*

HE that would write an Epitaph for thee,
Must be a Lover, yet from Love be free.
If not a Lover, how can he express
In lively Lines the sum of thy distress.
And if in Love, then every word and verse
Doth unto him his Destinie rehearse :
Then every stroke his nimble Pen doth give,
Doth wound his heart, & teach him how to live.

A Quill pluck'd from fierce *Cupid's* Wing must be
 His Pen, his Ink must come from *Aganipe* :
 How can his Eyes be dry, when he doth tell
 That from thine Eyes great Showers have often
 (fell.)

*A Song. In a Dialogue between Palemon
 and Corrinna.*

1. *Pal.* **C**orrinna, Prethee tell me why
 That all do love, but thee and I :
 Sure at our Birth 'tis very plain
 Some inauspicious Star did reign.

2. *Cor.* No, no, *Palemon*, thou'rt the Cause ;
 'Tis thou hast broken *Cupid's* Laws :
 His Laws did ne'er force Women so,
 To love Men whe'r they wou'd or no.

3. *Pal.* Is that a force, to cringe and pray,
 And Treat you Nobly every day ?
 Had you at first not thought it meet,
 Why did y' accept a second Treat ?

4. *Cor.* Fie, fie, *Palemon* ; now y' are more
 Mistaken, than you were before :

For

For 'tis not twenty Treats that can
Oblige us Women t' love a Man.

5. *Pal.* What is it then will make you love?
I'll fetch't from Hell, or Heaven above.
Assist me now in this distress,
I'll own you for my Patroness.

6. *Cor.* If Women love, it must be these
Particulars which follow, please:
First, He must be of proper size,
Which often does attract our Eyes.

7. Then must he have a handsome face,
Good Meen, good Wit, and comely Grace,
Dance well, and have an excellent Voice:
These, these confirm us in our choice.

8. Besides all these, he likewise must
Have that on which we both may trust,
A great Estate, with City and
Country-house, both at Command.

9. But faith of these you have but one,
That's good Estate; 'twont do alone.
This my Advice doth far excel
Those Treats of yours, and so farewell.

A Just, True, and Honourable Description of
MARRIAGE.

OUt of stark love and kindness, and arrant de-
 (votion,
 Of Marriage I'll give this galloping Notion:
 'Tis the bane of all Bus'ness, the end of all Pleasure,
 The consumption of Youth, VVit, Vertue, and
 (Treasure.
 'Tis the Rack of our Thoughts, the Night-Mare
 (of Sleep,
 That calls us to work before the day peep.
 That bids us make Brick without Stubble or Straw,
 A Wife has no sence of Conscience or Law.
 If you must be for flesh, take the way that is noble,
 In a generous Wench there's nothing of trouble:
 You kiss and you clip, stay, do what you please,
 And the worst you can fear is but a Disease;
 And Diseases, you know, may hope to be cur'd,
 But the Torment of Marriage can ne'er be endur'd.

On a Young Lady in Love with a Married Man.

A Rise, fond Beautie, cast those thoughts away,
 To love in vain, 'tis ne'er the near, they say.
 Your Gallant, who already marri'd is,
 Can make of You no other but a Miss.
 Certainly, Madam, *Cupid's* very blind;
 If not, to You I'm sure he proves unkind,
 Which forceth You to be in love with one
 Who lets You sigh and languish all alone.
 Madam, it troubles me both Night and Day,
 That You should love so strangely out o'th' way;
 I do advise You, *Lady*, cease Your Suit,
 And don't desire 't; You haply else may rue't.
 I've travel'd many Kingdoms o'er and o'er,
 Yet never heard of such a thing before.
 The Face which heretofore did shine so bright,
 And did abound with ravishing delight,
 Is of a sudden both grown pale and wan,
 And all forsooth is for a Marri'd Man.

O Love! O Love! If e'er thou'lt ease a Heart,
 Free this poor *Lady*: let him feel the smart:
 If not, make her to scorn his cruel Soul,
 As much as he o'er her does now controul:
 And so for ever thou wilt counted be
 A God of Justice and of Equitie.

On his Beautiful Mistress.

1. **N**ow guide my hand, you Gods that are
(above,
To blaze the Beautie of my harmless Dove,
With whom I am o'er head and ears in love.
2. She is so beauteous, excellent and rare,
There's none with her dares ever to compare;
She's Beautie's Queen, and all her Subjects are.
3. As for her Hair, it is a lightish brown,
Which, when unti'd, does to her Heels hang down.
Her Breasts as soft as any Thistle-down.
4. Her Eyes as sparkling are as any fire,
Which darts into my Brest a fresh desire
To kiss her hand, and so a little higher.
5. No *Lily* can with her white hand compare,
Her other features all so curious are,
That looking on her, I die with despair.

6. Her

6. Her Waste it is so pretty and so small,
She is my Sweet, my Honey, Dove, my all :
And for her height, She's moderately tall.

7. And for her Humour, Gesture, and her Wit,
All in one Body so profoundly knit,
Her Equal no where has been found as yet.

8. Her excellent Voice, when she is pleas'd to
(sing,
Sounds better far than th' Nightingal i'th' Spring,
And with an Eccho makes the Woods to ring.

9. She's Vertue't self, as all that know her know it:
Then you will ask me what need I turn Poet,
And strive with simple Poetry to show it?

10. If my bad Verses any one offend,
Another Cup of VVine will make me mend
All I have said, but here I'll make an end.

A Song.

1. **I**F thou wilt love me, I'll love thee again,
If my Griets move thee, I'll love thy pain;
If thou disdain me, I'll die for wo ;
And if thou flie me, I'll flie thee too.

For

For Love my Brest hath fill'd with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er thou wilt, is my desire.

2. If to be merrie be pleasing to thee,
I'll leave off sadness, and merrie be :
If Melancholie possess thy heart,
Then of that sadness I'll bear a part.

For Love my Brest hath fill'd with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er thou wilt, is my desire.

3. If thou lov'st Musick, I'll love it too ;
If Courtship please thee, I'll learn to woo :
If Dancing like thee, I'll learn the same,
And unto that my mind I'll frame :

For Love my Brest hath fill'd with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er thou wilt, is my desire.

4. If thou would'st have me near thee still,
I always shall obey thy will :
Or if my presence sometimes be
Offensive, I will fly from thee :

For Love my Brest hath fill'd with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er thou wilt, is my desire.

5. If thou'rt a mind a Miss to be,
Then I will be most true to thee :
Or if to Marriage thou'rt inclin'd,
I quickly then will change my mind :

For Love my Brest hath fill'd with such a Fire,
That to be cool'd by thee is my desire.

*On Captain Hicks his Curiosities of Nature :
By a Young Lady.*

NO Art to Nature can be equaliz'd ;
 VVhen 'tis at best, 'tis but as Truth disguis'd:
 As Shadows like it doth but represent,
 With all the Skill that Artists can invent.
 Wonders of Nature can ne'er be out-done,
 Since they are fram'd by Providence alone.
 Some things for Service, some to please the sight,
 Their great Contrivance doth create delight :
 Yet to dull Fancies, most such things as these
 Are not esteem'd, and that's it cannot please.
 So still 'tis Ignorance that denies 'em Worth,
 Not able to discern or set them forth :
 Such Rarities I much admire my self,
 Since 'tis Earth, Air, and VVaters greatest wealth.
 I should detract from them, should I but praise
 Heavens greatest Wonders, 'mong which I num-
 (ber these.
 Most Elements do grace this rare Collection,
 Which Nature hath brought forth to great Per-
 (fection :
 And for your trouble, Sir, in gathering of 'em,
 Ingenious Men will praise you, and those that
 love 'em.
 VVhose

Whose great Applause you justly do deserve,
Your time being spent Heavens VVonders to pre-
(serve.

More might be said, all with me will agree,
Onely the great'st defect is in

E. C.

*His Answer to Madam E. C. Upon her Curious
Art in Cutting Figures in Paper; and other her
Artificial Curiosities.*

I've often read that Art a Hand-maid was
Unto Dame-Nature, and not without Cause!
But now I see the contrary: for in you
I find the Proverb can no more be true:
For you in Art excel Dame Nature so,
That one would think your very Flowers do grow:
So well they're cut, by your ingenious hand,
VVhen Curiofoes see 'em, they're at a stand;
And plainly say, That so it cannot be,
By any thing that's humane, but some Deitie.
Nay, Painters do confess 'tis done so well,
They thought 'em natural, onely for the smell.
For Men, Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Trees, Plants, and
(Flowers,
Are so well cut by that same hand of yours,
That

That all do stand amaz'd, and plainly say,
 You in this Art do bear the Bell away.
 'Tis rare to see a Female Herald; yet you,
 When of your Curiosities I took a view,
 I saw some Coats of Arms so exactly done,
 The Painters Pencils with Scissars Y'ave out-gone.
 And painted Paper is the onely Thing,
 With the Clipping Tool, You to life do bring
 To th' Eye those things which seem inanimate.
 I wish destroying Time may no period set
 Unto those Eyes and Hands of Yours, which do
 Imploy themselves to your content, and ours too.
 I'll say no more but this, and do despise
 All flatterie, That had I a thousand Eies,
 On Your Mysterious Art I would them fix,
 So long as I am call'd

W. Hicks.

Moll bears in one hand fire, water in th'other;
 But in her Chaffindish bears both together.
 She's Ambodexter, with both her hands she plays;
 Yet her Game's sinister, both by nights and days.
 She's won with an Apple, and lost with a Nut;
 Her Bum is no *Bilbo*, and yet it will cut
 As keen as a Razor, that shaves away all,
 Though she no sweet Water hath, nor Barbars Ball.

A Loose Acquaintance once of me desir'd
 To pass my word for Sattin for a Suit ;
 But being loth to do what he requir'd,
 I of a Consonant became a Mute :

Which he took for Consent, and Sattin got :
 But seeing him mistake the Mute so much,
 I Silence broke, and told him I would not,
 Unless I kept the Stuff that must keep touch.

Had I been bound for one that was so loose,
 I had been gull'd, and pull'd, and made a Goose.

On Fat Peg.

M *Arg'et* doth muse how she so fat becomes,
 That eats but once a day, to wit all day ;
 Her Brests like Balloons, & like Globes her Bums,
 One sleep serves her all night ; that is to say,

All night she sleeps, she snores, she farts, past care,
 Thus fares it with our *Margaret*, or great *Mare*.

Of Lying Robbin.

Robbin his Lies are not pernicious Lies,
But pleasant Fictions, hurtful unto none
But to himself; for no man counts him wise,
To tell for truth that which for false is known.

He swears that *Gaunt* is threescore miles about,
And that the Bridge at *Paris* on the *Sein*,
Is of such thickness, length, & bredth throughout,
That sixscore Arches can it scarce sustain.

He swears he saw so great a dead mans Skull
At *Canterbury* digg'd out of the ground,
That would contain of Wheat three Bushels full.
And that in *Kent* are twenty Yeomen found,

Of which the poorest ev'ry year dispend
Five thousand pounds. These & a thousand more
So oft he hath recited to his Friends,
That now himself perswades himself 'tis so.

But why doth *Robbin* tell his Lies so rife,
Of Bridges, Towns, and things that have no life?
He is a Lawyer, and doth well espy
That of such Lies an Action will not lie.

Faults in Foreheads.

IF each ones Faults were in his Forehead writ,
 Lives onely would be read, the rest rejected.
 Nor Hats nor Bonnets then would eas'ly fit,
 And lowest foreheads would be most respected.
 The holy Hermit would be apprehended
 Of Crimes unthought of, till we read 'em there :
 Reputed Virgins would, Thirteen once ended,
 In Colours full of Guiltiness appear.
 Nor I my self that should my self know best,
 Nor thou, dear Mistress, be at all exempted ;
 We should be both on many tongues profest,
 Thou for thy yielding, I for having tempted.
*But why should'st thou one fault for me avow ?
 Thy faults are written in thy Husbands Brow.*

A Scotch Song.

1. **I** Needs must gang a Wooing,
 I can no longer stay :
 For Jinny is marr'd for doing,
 Some Loon will steal her away.

2. I

2. I VVou'd not for a world
Leuse her gude companie ;
For I have guds enough
To maintain her and I.
3. A lang long live-long day
Is aul too little for me
To reckon up what I ha,
To derive my Pertigree.
4. Feth *Jocky*, thou art to bleam,
I dare both say and swear ;
Ise ne'er come at thee agen,
Till I know thy guds and thy geer.
5. I have an awd Mear of mine awn,
She's twenty year awd and sean,
She cost me twenty good Placks,
And now she's well worth clean.
6. I have three dozen of Buttons,
Gude Brass, and all in a string ;
With a dainty Cale Whittle beside,
And a brave Curtain-Ring.
7. I ha three shoes for a feut,
And twa o' them want soles,
With a dainty left-feut Beut,
And thrutteen dozen of holes.

8. The Grains of a Fire Pore in,
The Rim of a Spinning-Wheel,
An old Huke for an Elsing-Haft,
A Spindle, a Rock, and a Reel.

9. I have a gude Hank of Yarn,
'Tis three year since it was spun,
With a pair of Socks for a Barn,
And an end of awd Pipe Bum.

10. My Granny she gave me a Hickie,
And Jinny, I give it to thee,
With hawf of a gude awd Sickie;
And thus Riches run on with me.

11. A Hook with a Lash in the end,
In money three Scotch Marks
On the wedding-day we'll spend,
Or else we'll pawn our Sark.

12. We'll send for Sir John the Vicar,
And Meg and Maudlin June,
And we'll have Crook Dick the Piper,
He'll play us a merry tune.

13. And now to the Kirk they are gean,
And Jinny has hausted Jock:
For the De'il a Sark had Jocky,
Nor Jinny had never a Smock.

14. And

14. And our Sir John the Vicar
Unto the matter did say,
Here Jinny tack thee Jocky,
And gea together gea.

15. And the De'il gea with ye beath,
And send ye mickle shame,
For I ne'er coupled sike together,
Since I to th' Kirk first came.

A Song.

The Tune, Madams farewell.

1. **M**Y Youth it was free
From horroure
And terrour :
I ne'er did agree
With the Black nor the Fair :
So stubborn I grew,
I laught at,
And scoff'd at
Those men that I knew
Were brought in Loves Snare.

Nay, more than this, I laugh'd at the pains
Men took to be wretched, and loaded with chains.

But when I the Charms of my *Phillie* did see, VT
 I resign'd up my heart, and refus'd to be free.

2. My heart then began
 To be fired
 And mired
 With Love : Never Man
 Was in Fetters so fast ;
 Yet forgot that she was
 A Woman,
 For no Man
 Could yet know the Cause
 Why their love does not last.

I never consider'd the Tricks nor the Art
 She us'd to intangle, and captive each Heart.
 At length I discover'd, and presently knew
 That my *Phillie* was fickle, and could not be true.

3. I curst my hard fate,
 That taught me
 And brought me
 Into this sad state,
 Thus to kindle my flame :
 When I did begin
 To pause on't,
 The cause on't
 I knew it was mine,
 Not my *Phillie* to blame.

I bore such respect to her, that I thought
 Whatever she did, 'twas I was in fault.

At length I resolv'd that I never would be
So mad as to love, but would ever be free.

The Politick Wedding.

The Tune, Shackle de Hay.

1. **J** *An* and *Nan* were both in love,
And often met together ;
And *Wat* and *Kate* did Rivals prove,
To watch their coming thither :
For *Watty* he did fancy *Nan*,
And *Katy* she was fond of *Jan* ;
But 'twas unknown to either.
2. At last it came to *Watty's* Ear
That *Kate* did fancy *Fanny* ;
And *Katy* she did likewise hear
That *Wat's* in love with *Nanny* :
And both together did agree
To spoil their former Amitie ;
But 'Twas unknown to any.
- 3: So *Watty* did to *Fanny* go,
And vow'd he'd be his Friend still,
By which intrigue he still did know,
Whate'er they did intend still.

What

What news soever he did know,
 To *Katy* he would quickly go,
 Or unto her would send still.

4. Poor *Jan* and *Nan* were sadly griev'd,
 To see they were betray'd still;
 They knew not how they were deceiv'd,
Wat so his Plots had laid still.

They knew it must be *Wat* alone
 That did betray and still make known
 What e'er they did or said still.

5. So both together laid a Plot
 To frame a Quarrel neatly,
 Whereby they might discover *Wat*,
 And so come off compleatly :

For when that he unto them came,
 A Quarrel they so well did frame,
 That it succeeded featly.

6. Then *Wat* away to *Kate* did go,
 And quickly told her of it;
 This news, says she, which now I know,
 I ever more did covet.

And now the plot so well is laid,
 And thee thy part so well hast plaid,
 Lets study to improve it.

7. Then *Katy* went to *Jan*, and said,
 That *Nan*'s in love with *Watty*;

And

And *Wat* told *Nan* she was betraid,
For *Jan* did fancy *Katy*.

By which they did discover that
They were betraid by *Kate* and *Wat*,
In all their private Treaty.

8. Then privately they thank'd 'em both
For what they did discover,
And both seem'd passionately wroth,
Calling each a perjur'd Lover.

Then *Wat* told *Kate* what he had done,
And *Kate* the thread that she had spun,
And for that time gave over.

9. O'th' morrow *Jan* for *Kate* did send,
And rail'd against poor *Nanny* ;
And *Nanny* did on *Watty* spend
A groat, and rail'd on *Jan*ny.

And so't continu'd day by day,
That *Wat* and *Kate* would smile & say,
Poor Souls we shall trapan ye.

10. When *Jan* & *Nan* had brought about
Their ends, they soon did marry :
For *Wat* and *Kate* did never doubt
Their plot could e'er miscarry.

And being a bed on th' wedding-night,
Put *Wat* and *Kate* in such a fright,
They scarce could make 'em tarry.

11. When

11. When *Wat* and *Kate* had paus'd a while,
And saw th' were circumvented,
Both *Jan* and *Nan* put on a smile,
And both their loves presented ;
And told them they knew how it was,
For love, not hatred, was the cause,
And pray'd 'em rest contented.
12. *Wat* then did go and kiss the Bride,
And took her by the hand too ;
And *Katy* went a tother side,
And kiss'd her Lover *Jan* too.
O'th' morrow *Wat* and *Kate* did wed,
And *Jan* and *Nan* saw them in bed,
And each kiss'd Maid and Man too.
13. Next day for Musick all did send,
And all their Friends invited ;
And that their Loves might have no end,
Their Faiths they all there plighted.
Then *Jan* and *Nan*, and *Wat* and *Kate*
Did dance, and feast, and kiss, and prate,
Until they were benighted.
14. Thus have you seen this double knot,
How both have had their speeding ;
How both did plot and counter-plot,
And both on hopes were feeding,

And

And therefore now I do intend
At present for to make an end
Of this my Politick Wedding.

The Drunkards Invitation. A Song.

1.

Come take up your Cups and spare not,
And think no more hurt than I do ;
Call for Quart after Quart,
To drive Sorrow from thy Heart ;
And then tumble in the dirt as I do :

2.

Come take up your Liquor and stay not,
Still calling for more, as I do,
And up with your Drink,
Till y've spent all your Chink,
And then run on the Score as I do.

3.

Come take up your Drink, and flinch not,
And every day feast as I do ;
Drink again and again,
Till y've fill'd ev'ry Vein,
And then spew like a Beast, as I do.

Come

4.

Come trole it about with swiftneſs,
 Be every day drunk as I,
 And get many knocks,
 Nay be put in the Stocks,
 For kiſſing your Punk, as I do.

5.

Pick Quarrels, and fight in thy fury,
 And meet with your match as I do,
 And be laid by the Heels,
 Though againſt your wills,
 For abuſing the Watch as I do.

6.

Come wind up your bottoms and care not,
 Till y'ave belcht and ſtunk as I do,
 Call for Pint after Pint,
 Till the Brain's out of joint,
 Then caſt up what y'ave drunk as I do.

7.

I'll adopt you my Heirs at preſent,
 And install you the Sons of King Priam;
 So that you will be
 So frolickand free,
 To be every man drunk as I am.

A Scotch Song.

I.

A Nd I mun ha my Goon made,
My Goon made, my Goon made,
And I mun ha my Goon made
Fit unto my Body;
Side and wide and long enough,
Side and wide and long enough,
Side and wide and long enough,
As fine as any Lady.

2.

And I mun ha my Goon trim'd up,
My Goon trim'd up, my Goon trim'd up,
And I mun ha my Goon trim'd up,
'Tis true as I do tell ye;
Ten Seams laid down the Back,
Ten Seams laid down the Back,
Ten Seams laid down the Back,
And twenty down the Belly.

3.

An I mun ha a Waistcoat too,
A Waistcoat too, a Waistcoat too,

An

An I mun ha a Waistcoat too,
 Twill hang down to my Weam too :
 The Cloth must be of Scarlet fine,
 The Cloth must be of Scarlet fine,
 The Cloth must be of Scarlet fine,
 With many a pratty Seam too.

4.

An I mun ha a Petticoat,
 A Petticoat, a Petticoat,
 An I mun ha a Petticoat,
 Made of Crimson Tabby,
 Lac'd up before, and round about,
 Lac'd up before, and round about,
 Lac'd up before, and round about,
 As gay and fine as may be.

5.

Of Spanish Leather must be made,
 Must be made, must be made,
 Of Spanish Leather must be made
 All the Shoes I wear, *Jo*;
 With Silken Knot to tie 'em fast,
 With Silken Knot to tie 'em fast,
 With Silken Knot to tie 'em fast ;
 I wou'd I had 'em here, *Jo*.

6.

If thou'lt lend me thy Loom, Lad,
 Thy Loom, Lad, thy Loom Lad;

If

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If thou'lt lend me thy Loom, Lad,
I'll lend thee mine again, *Jo.*
The De'il a bit my Loom I'll lend,
I lent it unto nine or ten,
And they have sent it hack again,
But put it out of frame, *Jo.*

A Song.

1.

L Et Back and Sides go bare,
Let Hand and Foot go cold :
But O let the Belly have Ale enough,
Whether it be new or old,
Whether it be new or old, Boys,
Whether it be new or old.
But O let the Belly have Ale enough,
'Whether it be new or old.

2.

A Beggars a thing as good as a King,
I'll tell you the reason why :
For a King cannot swagger,
And drink like a Beggar,
No King so merry as I,
No King so merry as I, Boys,
No King so merry as I.

F

For

For a King cannot swagger,
 And drink like a Beggar :
 No King so merry as I.

3.

Some call me Knave and rascally Slave,
 But I know how to collogue :
 For then I adore 'um, and call 'em o'th' Quorum,
 And then I'm an honest Rogue,
 And then I'm an honest Rogue, Boys,
 And then I'm an honest Rogue :
 For then I adore 'um, and call 'em o'th' Quorum,
 And then I'm an honest Rogue.

4.

If a fart flies away, where makes he his stay ?
 Can any man think or suppose ?
 For a fart cannot tell, when 'tis out, where to dwell,
 Unless it be in your Nose,
 Unless it be in your Nose, Boys,
 Unless it be in your Nose :
 For a fart cannot tell, when 'tis out, where to dwell,
 Unless it be in your Nose.

Queen ELIZABETH's Song.

The Tune is, *Sellengers Round.*

1.

I Tell you all, both great and small,
And I tell you truly,
That we have a very great cause all
For to lament and cry,
O fie, O fie, O fie, O fie,
O fie on cruel Death;
For he has ta'en away from us
Our good Queen *Elisabeth.*

2.

He might have ta'en other good voke,
That better might have been mist,
And left our gracious Queen alive,
That lov'd no Popish Priest.
She rul'd this famous Land alone,
And was beholding to no man:
She bore the weight of all affairs,
And yet she was but a woman.

3.

A Woman, said I, Nay, that's more
 Than any one can tell :
 So fair she was, so wond'rous chaste,
 That no man knew it well.
 The *Monsieur* came himself from *France*,
 On purpose for to woo her ;
 And yet she liv'd and dy'd a Maid,
 Do any man what he could to her.

4.

She never did any wicked thing,
 That might in Conscience prick her,
 Nor never submitted her self to him
 The Papists call Christs Vicar.
 But rather chose courageously
 To fight under Christs Banner,
 'Gainst Turk, & Pope, & King of *Spain*,
 Or all that durst withstand her.

5.

And if I had *Argus* Eyes, alas,
 They were too few to weep
 For our good Queen *Elizabeth*,
 That now does lie asleep.

Asleep,

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Asleep, quoth I, she now doth lie,
Until the day of Doom:
And then she'l rise to the foul disgrace
Of the great Pope of Rome.

A Song. To Fortune.

I.

Blind Fortune, if thou want'st a Guide,
I'll teach thee how thou maist divide;
Distribute unto each his due:
Justice is blind, Justice is blind,
Justice is blind, and so are you.

2.

To th' Usurer this doom impart,
May the Scrivener break his heart;
His Debtors unto Beggery fall;
Or what's as bad, or what's as bad,
Or what's as bad, Turn Courtiers all.

F 3

3. And

3.

And to the Tradesmen that sell dear,
 A long Vacation all the year :
 Revenge thee thus on their deceits ;
 And send them Wives, and send them Wives,
 And send them Wives light as their Weights.

4.

But Fortune, who will recompence
 The Frenchmans daily Insolence ?
 For them I know no greater pain,
 Then to be sent, then to be sent,
 Then to be sent to *France* again.

Chorus in Two Parts.

5.

If these Instructions make thee wise,
 Men will restore again thine Eyes ;
 By a New Stile thou shalt commence,
 Not Fortune call'd, not Fortune call'd,
 Not Fortune call'd, but Providence.

6.

But lest thine Altars want all fires,
 To bribe mens votes, grant their desires.

To

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To Lovers who would not believe
Their sweet mistakes, their sweet mistakes,
Their sweet mistakes, thy Blindness give.

7.

Then lest the Players should grow poor,
Send them *Aglaure's* more and more :
And to the Roundhead grant more Ears
Than *Ceres* in, than *Ceres* in,
Than *Ceres* in her Garland wears.

8.

And if thou wilt Physicians please,
Send them another new Disease.
To Schollars give, if thou canst do't,
A Benefice, a Benefice,
A Benefice without a Suit.

9.

To Courtiers grant them pleasures high,
And to their Wives Community.
So Fortune, thou wilt please them all ;
If Lords do rise, if Lords do rise,
If Lords do rise, and Ladies fall.

10.

And to the Lawyers I'll beseech
 As much for Silence as for Speech.
 To Ladies Ushers strength of Back ;
 And to my Self, and to my Self,
 And to my Self a Cup of Sack.

*On Mr. Owen's Death, Butler
 of a Colledge.*

VVHy Death did honest *Owen* so soon catch,
 Into my mind it cannot eas'ly sink,
 Unless that Death came to the Buttery Hatch,
 And honest *Owen* would not make him drink.

If it be so, then *Owen* 'twas thy fault,
 That Death, instead of Drink, made thee his
 (Draught.

Not so, nor so ; for *Owen* gave him Liquor ;
 Death being fox'd, took him away the quicker.
 Yet be content, let care ne'er trouble thy mind,
 Though the Butlers gone, the Keys are left
 (behind.

On the same Owen.

FULL four and twenty Letters once there were,
And O. and N. were two among the rest ;
But they their number henceforth cannot bear,
For O. and N. are buried in a Chest.

Had O. been gone, no man had it repented,
And then it would full well have been for us.
But O. N. 's gone, which is to be lamented ;
So Fortune's to us much preposterous.

Owen, let School-boys glory in thy fall :
Because they have two Letters less to con ;
For two and twenty now is onely all,
By means of which, they oft will save their
(Bum.

Whil'st we'll condole thy Death, since by't we
(get
A Lam'd Christs Cross, and a Crippled Alphabet.

On

*On Great Tom of Christ-Church, his being
newly Cast.*

BE dumb, you Infant-Chimes, thump not your
 (Mettle,
 That ne'er out-rings the Tinker and his Kettle.
 Cease all you petty Larums, for to day,
 'Tis Great Tom's Resurrection from the Clay :
 And know where Tom rings out his loudest knells,
 The best of you will be but Dinner-Bells.
 And for thy meritorious suffering,
 Thou shortly shalt to Heaven in a string.
 We much are griev'd, because we see thee cast,
 As being not well : yet hope the worst is past.
 Some say it was, because thy Brain was crack'd ;
 If it be so, then well done was the fact :
 And though some Cains have made *A Bell* of thee,
 Thou't Clapper-claw 'em, when thou once art free.
 Thou't thunder out at nine a Clock such noise
 Will make the Schollars all to dread thy voice :
 And after Thunder, fierce Lightning then may
 (come,
 From Proctor or Vice-Chancellor ; Hasten home.
 Well, dearest Tom, I'll take my leave of thee,
 And think e'er long thou't be too high for me :
 And

And for thy sins did'st fall as low as Clay,
And through a fiery Trial did'st run, they say,
To clear thy jarring temper, which was sore
Against thy will, as being hoarse before.
And coming down, dear *Tom*, to learn to sing
A better Note, we hope thou't make it ring
In all our Ears, thou mended hast thy voice;
'Twill make the Schollars, unless at nine a Clock,
(rejoyce.
Nay, 'twill please the hearts of all good People,
Whence once thou'rt lifted up into the Steeple;
Unless Fanaticks, who regard it not a Loufe,
Whatever cometh from the Steeple-house.
And though we grieve to see thee thump'd and
(bang'd,
Yet all rejoyce, great *Tom*, to see thee hang'd.

The Maids Complaint.

I.

IT was i'th' merry month of *May*,
When ev'ry thing look'd fresh and gay,
I heard a Maid complain and say,
Her Mother she had done her mickle wrong,
For suffering her to live a Maid so long.

2. Then

2.

Then she began to sigh and groan,
 To ring her hands, and make great moan,
 'Cause she, poor heart, was left alone.
 And no kind Soul would ever pity her pain,
 For her Maidenheads loss would prove to her a
 (gain.

3.

I nimbly then did step unto her,
 And presently became a Woer ;
 And that of me she should be sure,
 Would give her a dose should her malady quell ;
 But still she vow'd she'd ne'er lead Apes in Hell.

4.

Then to Courting I began,
 And told her I would be the Man ;
 Though before she look'd both pale and wan,
 Yet now in her cheeks a colour 'gan to rise :
 But still she said, Pray Sir be merry and wise.

5.

What was done, I must not tell,
 But yet I found she lik'd it well,
 Because sh'd ne'er lead Apes in Hell.

And

And then of Kisses she gave me such plenty,
That one of mine produc'd the number twenty.

6.

I then began to haste away,
But she in kindness pray'd me stay ;
I bid her 'point another day ,
She told me then to morrow, pray come hither,
That so we may our Notes compare together.

On a Parsimonious Sheriff of Oxford.

Fie, Schollars, fie ; have you such thirsty Souls,
To swig, quaff, & carouse 'ith' Sheriffs Bowls ?
Tell me, mad Youngsters, what do you believe ?
D'ye think it cost him nothing to be Shrieve ?
To send so many Beefes, so many Weathers,
Maintain so many Hats, so many Feathers ?
Again, is Malt so cheap this pinching year,
That you should make such havock of his Beer ?
I hear you are so many, that you make
Most of his Men turn Tapsters for your sake :
And yet, when he even at the Bench doth sit,
You tear his Meat from off the borrow'd Spit,
And keep such hurly-burly as it passes,
In gurgitating sometimes whole half Glasses.

And

And some of you forsooth are grown so fine,
 Or else so sawcy, as to call for Wine.
 As if the Sheriff had put men in trust,
 Which durst draw out more Wine than needs they
 (must.

In faith, in faith, it is not well, my Masters,
 Nor fit that you should be the Sheriffs Tasters.
 It were enough, you are such Gormandizers,
 To make the Sheriffs henceforth all turn Misers :
 Or to remove the Assize to th' Towns Disgrace,
 To *Banbury, Henly*, or else some such place,
 He never had complain'd, had it but been
 A pretty Firkin, or a Kilderkin :
 But when a Barrel daily is drunk out !
 My Masters then 'tis time to look about.
 Is this a lye d'ye think ? I tell you no :
 My Lord High Chancellour was informed so :
 And O what would not all the Bread in Town
 Suffice to drive the Sheriffs Liquor down,
 But he in Hampers must from home it bring ?
 O most prodigious, O most monstrous thing !
 Upon so many Loaves of Home-made Bread,
 How long might he and his ten men have fed ?
 Which he, no doubt, intended to have fed
 With the sweet Morfels of his broken Bread.
 But when that they, poor Souls, for Bread did
 (call,
 Answer was made, The Schollars eat up all :
 And when of broken Beer he crav'd a Cup,
 Answer was made, The Schollars drank it up.
 And

And this I know not how they chang'd the Name,
Cut did the Deed, and Longtail bears the blame.

*The Speech of a Mayor of a Town, when a
King came there.*

Great King, to bid Thee welcome, behold I
Do speak to Thee, although my mouth
(stand by :

I'll do my best, but he can do much better ;
He is Book-learn'd, I never knew a Letter. -
When yesterday the Post did Tidings bring,
That I should see You here, our Royal King ;
For my own part into an Ague I did fall,
And greatly gasped with my Brethren all.
But least your Majesty should think us slack,
Each one of us did drink a Pint of Sack ;
Armour of Proof, the best thing we could find
To chear our heart, and ease our troubled mind.
We went about to muster up our forces
To meet You, but indeed we wanted Horses.
Our Foot-Cloths also, with Rats and Mice offen-
(ded,
In so short space could not be patch'd and men-
(ded,
Therefore this Stage, which holds us here at large,
Was wisely founded at the Towns own charge.
These

These men in Scarlet, that you plainly see,
 Have been in highest place of Majesty ;
 The other Purple Gowns that do appear,
 Are like to wear my Staff another year.
 The Streets that you do pass on either hand,
 Are sweetly flowr'd with Gravel and with Sand.
 The Conduit at the Crofs, if you mark well,
 Is newly painted, you may know by th' smell :
 The place against it, is the place where I
 Do sit in all my Pomp and Dignity :
 Whilst I do Justice, be it Right or Wrong,
 Unto the Rich or Poor, the Old or Young.
 St. Peter's Church, where I am often seen,
 Stands near unto it, but a House between ;
 Where ev'ry Sunday unto my poor Power,
 Sleeping and waking, I do spend an hour.
 Your Grace may see our Houses have been spung-

(ing,

And your Neat Wine shall be without much blun-

(ging.

But in this one thing pray by me be rul'd,
 Do not drink of it unless you find it mull'd :
 But if you see't look blew on either side,
 Then to't ; I wis you need no other Guide.
 Our Towns not rich, yet God be thanked,
 With no small Charge we have procur'd a Banquet,
 Four pounds it cost, besides I am afraid
 The Carriage of it down is yet unpaid :
 If you had come to Dinner, without boast,
 You should have eat with me no worse than Rcast.

For

For though I say't, I would have let you loose
 Unto the flank of a fat butter'd Goose.
 A Cup of Gold unto Your Grace I'll bring,
 I hope You'll give to us some better thing.
 For I'll besworn that it goes near my heart,
 When from so many Goldings I did part:
 But much good d't ye, we will ne'er repent;
 Since they are gone, they might on worse be spent.
 Some say of me you mean to make a Knight;
 Nay rather take a Halter and hang me quite;
 That it may ne'er be said, it came to pass,
 That it bestowed was on *Balaam's* Ass:
 Therefore I humbly crave I may go free,
 And give it to the Mayor of some City.
 Thus from my speech abruptly I will break,
 And if you'll know me, hear the Recorder speak.

The Description of a Beautiful Woman.

THese thirty Things that *Helens* fame did raise,
 A Dame must have, that seeks for Virtues
 (praise.
 Three bright, three black, three red, three short,
 (three tall;
 Three thick, three thin, three close, three wide,
 (three small.

Her Skin, Teeth, Cheeks, must be clean, bright,
(and neat ;

Her Hair, her Brows and Eyes as black as Jet :

Her Cheeks, Lips, Nails, must have Vermilion hue;

Her Hands, Hair, Height, must shew good length
(to view.

Her Teeth, Feet, Ears, all short, no length allow ;

Large Brest, large Bum, a large and spacious Brow.

Her Mouth must narrow be, small Waste and ten-
(der ;

Her Eyes, Lips, Nose, must be but thin and slen-
(der.

Her Neck, Waste, Ancles, slender and small must
(be,

That Teeth, Tongue, Lips, be close kept, not
too free.

Her Neck, Thighs, Navel, must be fat and round ;

Her Nose, Head, Teats, the least that may be found.

Her Brows, her Looks, and Brests must wideness
(have ;

Her Nostril, Mouth, Ear, smallness : Then all's
(brave.

Since such Perfections few or none attain,

Then few or none are fair, the place is plain.

Of a Ladies Dog, and her Husband.

L Augh, good my Masters, if you can intend it,
For yonder comes a Fool that will defend it.
Saw you a verier Ass in all your Life,
That makes himself a Pack-horse to his Wife?
I would his Nose where I could wish were warm,
For carrying *Pearl* so pretty under's Arm:
Pearl his Wife's Dog, a pretty Sweet-tac'd Cur,
That barks at night at the least fart doth stir,
Is now not well, his Cold is scarcely broke;
Therefore, good Husband, wrap him in thy Cloak:
And Sweet-heart, prethee help me to my Mask:
Hold *Pearl* but tender, for he hath a Lask.
Here, take my Muff; and do you hear, good man,
Now give me *Pearl*, and carry you my Fan:
Alas poor *Pearl*! The Wretch is full of pain:
Husband, take *Pearl*; give me my Fan again.
See how he quakes! Faith I am like to weep:
Come to me, *Pearl*: my Scarff, good Husband, keep.
To be with me, I know my Puppy loves:
Why *Pearl*, I say! Husband, take up my Gloves.

Thus Goodman Ideot thinks himself an Earl,
That he can please his Wife, and carry *Pearl*.
But others judge his State to be no higher
Than a Dogs Yeoman, or some Pippin-Squire.

On a Punk.

FAith, Gentlemen, you move me to offence,
In coming to me with unchaste pretence :
Have I the look of a lascivious Dame,
That you should think me fit for wantons Game ?
I am not she will take Lusts Sin upon her ;
I'll rather die, than dim chaste glorious honour.
Tempt not mine Ears, for in good sooth I mean
To keep my honest Reputation clean.
My hearing lets no such lewd sound come in,
My Senses loath to surfeit on sweet sin.
Reverse your Mind that goes from Grace astray ;
And God forgive you, with my heart I pray.
The Gallant notes her words, observes her frowns,
Then draws his Purse, & lets her view his Crowns.
Vowing that if her kindness grant him pleasure,
She shall be Mistress to command his Treasure.
The storms are calm'd, the gust is over-blown ;
And she replies with, *Yours, else not her own.*
Desiring him to censure for the best,
'Twas but her Trick, to try if men do jest.
• Her Love is lock'd where he may pick the Trunk.
• Let all men judge, if this be not a Punk.

The Complying, but Cunning Lass.

The Tune, My Nanny, quoth he ; a Jig Tune.

I.

MY Gilly, says Will ;
My Willy, says Gill,
Your pleasure ?

I'd speak wi' you, says Will ;
Come now then, says Gill,
I'm at leasure.

I love thee, says Will :
D'ye love me, says Gill,
Indeed Sir ?

Yes truly, says Will ;
Why well then, says Gill,
Proceed, Sir.

2.

I'd woo thee, says Will :
Wou'd you woo me, says Gill,
But how, Sir ?

G 3

In

London Drollery,

In Marriage, says *Will*,
 I Marriage, says *Gill*,
 I allow Sir :

First kiss me, says *Will* :
 Why there 'tis, says *Gill* ;
 Now you ha't, Sir,

I'm glad on't, says *Will* ;
 I'm not sorry, says *Gill*,
 That's flat, Sir.

3.

Give me another, says *Will* :
 There, take it says *Gill* ;
 What then, Sir ?

Why a third, says *Will* :
 Why there 'tis, says *Gill*,
 Agen, Sir.

I'm ravish'd, says *Will* :
 How ? Ravish'd, says *Gill* !
 Be plain, Sir.

By your Kisses, says *Will* :
 Then I'll do't, says *Gill*,
 Again, Sir.

4. I'll

4.

I'll feoff thee, says *Will*,
In a Jointure: Says *Gill*,
D' ye mean so?

Yes truly, says *Will*:
Then I love thee, says *Gill*;
'Tis e'en so.

Here's my hand on't, says *Will*,
There's mine too, says *Gill*,
With love too.

Be but constant says *Will*;
Yes constant, says *Gill*,
I'll prove too.

5.

When wed we, says *Will*?
To morrow, says *Gill*,
I' th' morning.

That's too soon, says *Will*;
I'll be at (says *Gill*)
An hours warning

That's well sed, says *Will*;
'Twas not ill sed, says *Gill*,
Believe me.

G 4

Then

London Drollery.

Then next day, says *Will* ;
 If't be longer says, *Gill*,
 'Twill grieve me.

6.

Got a License, says *Will* ;
 That will I, says *Gill*,
 To morrow.

Have you money, says *Will* ?
 If I have not, says *Gill*,
 I'll borrow.

That's a kind wench, says *Wil*,
 I'll be kinder, says *Gill*,
 When wedded :

And what then, says *Will* ?
 I'll be kindest, says *Gill*,
 When bedded.

7.

Lie wi' me, says *VWill* :
 What to night, says *Gill* ?
 O fie Sir !

Prethee do't, says *VWill* :
 By my troth, says *Gill*,
 Not I Sir.

Y'are

Y'are unkind, says *VVill* :
Y'are too forward says *Gill*,
Believe me.

Won't you do't then, says *Will*,
That's the way, says *Gill*,
To deceive me.

The Chorus to it.

8.

So before they did bed,
They were both of 'em wed,
At night he
Did say unto *Gill*,
Had you giv'n me my will,
I'd a slight ye.

I had no reason, says she,
To grant it unt'ee,
I'm sure, Sir ;

Because I was cozen'd
By't least half a dozen,
Before, Sir,

London Drollery,

9.

I'll tell thee, says he,
Some Girls were so free,
They sent me

Each of 'em a Cake,
For some kindness sake,
To content me.

Had I known't, says she,
I'd a fitted ye
For their fakes, Sir.

On that very score,
With Cheeses good store,
To your Cakes, Sir.

*The Little Childrens Figure-Dance, at Mr.
Young's Ball, and to that Tune.*

Some pretty Ladies
No bigger than Babies:
Did dance at a Ball so well,
Yet so little they were,
And so young, you'd swear
They were newly come out of the shell.

But

London Drollery.

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But yet these little things
Did keep both time and figure,
And to give 'em their due,
They footed it true :
And the less as well as the bigger.

2.

And first pretty C----
Did mount like a Lark,
To seek out her lovely Mate :
I mean T. H.
That witty Bearn,
Who readily came to her strait,
Then th' other airy Cl-----
Did look for her rosy-cheek Dove,
Sweet W---Y--- the mild,
That modest Child,
Who handsomly to her did move.

3.

Witty S---f--- too,
Did wheel to and fro,
And nimbly tript it about,
With her Partner S-----
That was airy and blithe,
And neither of both were out.

Then

Then pretty S---b----she
 Did follow this little Crew,
 With her Partner eke,
 Pretty M---d--the Meek,
 Who still danc'd every thing true,

4.

At the end of the Tune,
 But not too soon,
 They all did make a stand;
 And when they had done,
 Then every one
 Their Partners took by th' hand.
 At last these pretty things
 Their Honours did so well,
 That all did say,
 For their Age, that they
 Did bear away the Bell.

Advice to a Friend to forgo a Common Miss.

To the Scotch Tune, Go, go, Unkind One.

1.

HE's an Afs that loves one,
 And will love no more:
 If by chance he proves one
 True, he'll find a score

That

That are as arrant Starters
As ever trod on Shoe ;
To lie and sware,
And speak you fair,
And vow they'l still be true ;
Yet promise to another
What they have vow'd to you.

2.

When the Ginneys do appear,
Then their love is shown ;
They'l kifs and sing, and dance and swear,
I'm yours, or not my own.

But when the Purse begins to ebb,
Then they will over-flow
In flights and pouts,
And scorns and flouts,
And off their faith will throw,
And to another Cully
Will make a second vow.

3.

Then leave off courting Misses
If you will be free
From Quarrels and Diseases,
And certain Poverties

But

But if you must a Miss have,
 Let it be brisk Wine;
 'Twill cure the heart
 Of all the smart,
 And make the face to shine
 With Rubies and with Pearls too,
 Beyond the Indian Mine.

A Song at the Dukes House.

I.

N Ay, let me alone;
 I protest I'll be gone:
 'Tis a folly to think
 I'll be subje^ct to one.
 Never hope to confine
 A young Gallant to dine,
 Like a Schollar of *Oxford*,
 On none but a Loin.

For after Enjoyment, our Bellies are full;
 And the same Dish again, makes the Appetite dull.

2.

By your wantoning Art
 Of a sigh and a start,

You

You endeavour in vain
To inveagle my heart.
For the pretty disguise
Of your languishing Eyes
Will never prevail
With my Sinews to rise.

'Tis never the mode in an Amorous Treat,¹
When a Lover has din'd, to perswade him to eat.

3.

Faith Betty, the Jest
Is almost at the best,
'Tis onely variety
Makes up the feast.
For when we've enjoy'd,
And with pleasures are cloid
The Vows we have made
To love ever, are void.

And know, pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
That a Meal should be made of a Rellishing Bit.

The

The Careless Lover.

F.

A M I by thy taunts abused,
When I most to love incline ?
Know no phrase by thee is used,
Which I could not well make mine,
For I can use or not use thine.

2.

Dost thou glory thou can'st vex me,
When thou seemingly dost chide ?
Or do'st thou think thou canst perplex me
With thy scoffs or careless pride ?
No : all thy fancies I deride.

3.

Art thou with my Courtship pleased,
Which I tender unto thee ?
Or art thou with my words diseased ?
If thou art, 'tis nought to me :
For I can love, or let thee be.

4. *Cont.*

4.

Canst thou love with true Affection ?

I can love, being lov'd again :

Or if to hate be thy Election,

All that breeds me no pain :

For I can love, or can disdain.

5.

Art thou pleas'd I should attend thee ?

I will still thy Servant be :

Or if my presence do offend thee,

I will never wait on thee :

For I can serve, or keep me free.

6.

Dost thou love to have me near thee,

With a Heart both firm and true ?

Or dost thou scorn my sight & jeer me,

This to Lovers is not new :

Faith I can stay, or bid adieu.

7.

Art thou joyful ? I am jolly ;

In thy pleasure's my delight :

H

Art

London Drollery.

Art thou inclin'd to Melancholy ?
I am of that humour right :
For I can Joy, or Joys can slight.

8.

Art thou liberal of Embraces ?
I can also lavish be :
Or dost thou scorn to yield such graces ?
I can scorn as well as thee ;
Of these I can be nice or free.

9.

Dost thou please to yield me Kisses,
My observance to requite ?
Or do'st deny me those sweet blisses,
In some humour or despite ?
I can dispence with that delight.

10.

If to singing thou'lt apply thee,
I can warble Notes to thee ;
Or if to sighing, I'll sigh by thee ;
To thy Passions I'll agree :
For I'm to all thy humours free.

11. Could'st

London Drollery.

FILE

11.

Couldst thou willingly abide me,
In thy naked Bosom lie?
Wouldst thou, if I ventur'd, chide me,
Or with frowning force me fly?
All's one to me: for what care I?

A Catch.

Fortune is blind,
And Beauty is kind:
They've neither faith nor troth;
The one is a Witch,
And t' other's a Bitch:
The Devil take them both.

There's hazard by hap,
To sit in a Lap;
But there's no deceit in a Brimmer,
Truth in the bottom does lie;
But the way to redeem her,
Is to drink the whole Ocean dry.

H 2

4

A Catch.

I.

NO Creature can be
More pleasant then we ;
No mischief we'll act or invent ;
Let Wordlings go plot
Until their Brains rot,
They shall not abridge our content.

3.

Content is a thing
That Comfort doth bring
To begger as well as to King.
Then let our Content
In Freedom be spent,
And merrily, merrily sing,

A Catch.

1.

AS soon a little little Ant
Shall bib the Ocean dry,
A Snail shall creep about the World,
E'er our Affections die.

2.

Yet she's for me, and onely she,
That's neither forward, nor too free:
That Wench I vow shall be my Joy,
That's neither forward, nor too coy.

A Catch.

There is but onely one,
And I am only he,
That loves but one alone,
And thou art only she.

A 3

Thou

Thou art that one
 In whom alone
 My heart doth only care,
 Then do but joyn
 Thy heart with mine,
 And we will make a pair.

Her Answer.

THe Girl did then reply,
 I am the only she
 That loves one faithfully,
 And faith, my *Jack*, 'tis thee.

Thou art my Joy,
 And only Boy;
 I never think on other:
 And mean to joyn
 My heart with thine,
 And so be made a Mother.

A Song.

1.

IMploy thy time some other way,
Than still to court this Female Clay;
Let her be what a Woman can,
Yet she's not worth the worst of Man.

2.

It is not I that tell you so,
Reason has done that long ago :
Hadst thou to reason but inclin'd,
Thou long ere this hadst chang'd thy mind.

3.

She is a Woman ; that's enough
To quench the furious flames of Love :
For they are only but for sight ;
Gloworm-like, they're best by night.

4.

I know she's young and fair ; 'tis true,
And well enough for outward view :

H 4

But

But if uncloath'd thou didst her see,
She is not what she seems to be.

5.

I therefore do advise thee yet,
Before thou into thralldom get :
A labrynth then thou't find 'twil prove,
And feel the doleful pangs of Love.

6.

But if loving thon needs must be,
Pray let it be no more a she :
But love thy Self, and love thy Friend,
And love good Sack, and there's an end.

The Martial Lad.

*A Mock to O Love if e'er thou'lt ease a heart,
and to that Tune.*

O Mars, if e'er thou'lt ease a Blade
That owns thy Martial Power,
That bleeds with thy too cruel Trade,
And now by wounds is quite decay'd,
Thy Blessings on me shower.

Under

Under the Surgeons hand I lie,
A thousand times I wish to die ;
But when I see cold Death so nigh,
I grieve to leave those thoughts of War
Which unto Souldiers welcome are.

2.

But thus as I sat all alone
I'th' cold and lousie Room,
Some Tatling Eccho heard my moan,
And did repeat each sigh and groan,
Came by a simple Groom.

O how I strove my face to hide,
Lest by the Groom it should be spide !
And did the Babling Eccho chide,
Because her iterating noise
Had brought the man to know my Voice,

3.

But O Great Mars ! I wish to have
But one poor Thundring Peal
Of Guns and Muskets which I crave
Before my Body's laid in Grave,
My Honour to reveal.

Thus

Thus are poor Souldiers oft abus'd,
 When they by Wounds and Scars are bruis'd,
 Yet are by Mortals worse abus'd:

When they by War have got a Name,
 In times of Peace must lose the same.

Upon his Dead Mistress.

AS Unthrifts grieve in Straw for their pawn'd
 (Beds,
 As Women weep for their lost Maiden-heads,
 When both are without hope or Remedy;
 Such an untimely grief have I for thee.
 I never saw thy Face, nor did my heart
 Urge forth my Eyes to that, whilst that thou wer't.
 But being lifted hence, that which to thee
 Was Deaths sad Dart, was *Cupid's* Ghost to me.
 Whoever thinks me foolish, that the force
 Of a Report should make me love a Coarse;
 Know he, That when with this I do compare
 The love I to a living Woman bear,
 I find my self most happy: Now I know
 Where I shall find my Mistress; I can go
 Unto her timeless Bed, and lift away
 Her Grass-green Mantle, and her Sheet display,
 And touch her naked; and though envious Mould
 (In which she lies unsuccour'd, moist and cold)

Strive

Strive to corrupt her, she will not abide
With any Art her Blemishes to hide,
As many Living do : And, though they need,
Yet cannot they in Sweetness her exceed ;
But make a stink with all their Art and Skill,
Which the Physicians warrant by their Bill.
Nor at her Door does heaps of Coaches stay,
Footmen or Midwives, to bar up my way :
Nor is her heart so hard, to make me pay
For every Kiss, a Supper and a Play.
Nor need she any Page or Maid to keep,
To knock me early from my golden sleep,
With Letters, That her Honour all is gone,
If I don't Right her upon such a one.
Nor with Black Oaths stain her pure Lips will she :
She'll not contract the guilt of Perjury.
No words, profane or wanton, will she use ;
Pure Vertue's strictest Rules she'll not accuse,
As too severe ; nor whilst the World doth last,
A Blemish on her Spotless Honour cast.
Pardon me, that with thy bless'd Memory,
I mingle my own former Misery.
Yet dare I not accuse the Fate that brought
These Crosses on me, for then ev'ry thought
That tended to my Love, was black and foul ;
Now all is pure as a new-baptiz'd Soul.
For I protest, for all that I can see,
I would not lie in Bed one night with thee :
Nor am I jealous, but could well abide
My Foe to lie in quiet by thy side.

You

You Worms, (my Rivals) whilst she was alive,
 How many thousands were there that did strive
 To have your freedom? for their sakes forbear
 Unseemly holes in her soft Skin to wear.
 But if you must, (as what Worm can abstain
 To taste her Tender Body?) yet refrain
 With your disorder'd Eatings to deface her,
 And feed your selves so as you most may grace
 (her.

First, through her Ear-Tips see you make a pair
 Of Holes, which as the moist inclosed Air
 Turns into Water, may the clear Drops take,
 And in her Ears a pair of Jewels make.

Have you not yet enough of that White Skin,
 (The touch of which, in times past would have
 (bin

Enough to ransom many a thousand Soul
 Captiv'd to Love) if not, then upward rowl
 Your little Bodies, where I would you have
 This Epitaph upon her Forehead grave:

*Living, She was Young, Fair, and full of Wit;
 Dead, All her Faults are in her Forehead writ.*

On

On Two Gentlemen of Wales.

I Heard, among some other pleasant Tales,
 How once there were two Gentlemen of *Wales*.
 These Two (thus goes the Tale) upon a day
 Hap'ned to travel upon *London-way* ;
 And (for 'twas cumbersome to wear a Boot)
 For their more ease they needs would go a foot ;
 And (lest they should their best Apparel lack)
 Each of them wears his Wardrobe at his Back.
 These Squires were Nighted e'er they came to
 (Town,
 And sought their Lodging when the Sun was
 (down :
 And (for the Inkeeper his Gates had lock'd)
 In haste, like men of some account, they knock'd ;
 The drowsie Chamberlain ask'd who was there ?
 Who said that Gentlemen of *Wales* they were.
 How many, quoth the man, is there of you ?
 Quoth he, Here's *John Ap Rice, Ap Jones, Ap Hugh,*
Ap Nicholas, Ap Steven, Ap Rice, Ap Davy :
 Then Gentlemen, quoth he, adieu, God save ye :
 Your Worships might have had a Bed or twain,
 But we have not enow for such a Train.

*A Pastoral Dialogue between Cleon
and Delia.*

1.

AS *Delia* rested in the Shade,
With *Cleon* by her side;
The Swain thus courted the young Maid,
And thus the Nymph reply'd.

2.

Cleon. Sweet, let thy Captive Fetters wear,
Made of thine Arms and Hands;
Till those that Thraldom scorn or fear,
Envy my happy Bands.

3.

Delia. Then thus my willing Arms I wind
About thee, and am so
Thy Pris'ner; for my self I bind,
Until I let thee go.

4.

Cle. Happy that Slave whom the fair Foe
Ties in so soft a Chain!

Del. More happy I, but that I know
Thou wilt break loose again.

Cle. By

5.

Cle. By thine Immortal Beauty never.

Del. Frail as thy Love's thine Oath.

Cle. Though Beauty fade, my Faith lasts ever.

Del. Time will destroy them both.

6.

Cle. I doat not on thy Snow-white Skin :

Del. What then? *Cle.* Thy Purer Mind.

Del. I lov'd too soon. *Cle.* Thou hadst not bin
So fair, if not so kind.

7.

Del. O strange vain fancy ! *Cle.* But yet true.

Del. Prove it. *Cle.* Then make a Brade
Of those loose Flames that circle you ;
My Suns and yet your Shade.

8.

Del. 'Tis done. *Cle.* Now give it me. *Del.* Thus thou
Shalt thine own Error find ;

If those were Beauties, I am now
Less fair, because more kind.

9.

Cle. You shall confess you erre : That Hair
Must it not change the hue,
And leave that Golden Mountain bare ?

Del. Ah me ! It is too true.

Cle. Yet

10.

Cle. Yet this small Wreath shall ever stay
In its first native prime ;
And smiling when the rest decay,
The Triumphs sing of Time.

11.

Del. Then let me cut from off that Grove
One Branch, and let it be
An Emblem of Eternal Love,
For such is mine to thee.

12.

Cle. Thus are we both redeem'd from Time :
I by thy Grace. *Del.* And I
Shall live in thine Immortal Rhyme,
Until the Muses die.

13.

Cle. By Heaven--- *Del.* Swear not: If I must weep,
Joye shall not smile at me :
This Kiss, my Heart, and thy Faith keep.
Cle. This breathes my Soul to thee.

14.

Then forth the Thicket *Thirsis* rush'd,
Where he saw all their play :
The Swain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd ;
The Nymph fled fast away.

F I N I S

Mounſieur Nihil's New-Years-gift.

THe costly *Callends* put me to a ſhift,
 What I ſhall ſend you for my *New-years-gift*.
 'Tis not what *Ophir* yields, nor Gems, nor Gold;
 I want not things that in th' *Exchange* are ſold,
 Chains, Bracelets, Ear-rings, Rarities and Lawn,
 The curious works by holy Siſters drawn
 Are far above my reach to compaſs : ſo
 All that I have is nothing to beſtow.
 Accept I pray the Gift, 't becomes you well,
 For you do nothing want as I can tell.
 Scorn not the preſent, look on't and you'll find
 'Tis of much worth: nothing contents the mind,
 Nothing is happy, nothing is truly good,
 For nothing we pick quarrels and draw Blood.
 And though for nothing Lawyers plead not now,
 Yet about nothing they make much ado.
 Payſitians of nothing, ſay the Diſeaſe is great,
 Yet if they nothing have, they'll ſoon retreat.
 Merchants think't nothing 'bout the world to ſail,
 And nothing comes on't ſometimes by an ill gale.
 The *Rump-Parliament* did nothing but miſchief
 (crave,
 Being Hang'd, 'twas nothing but what they did
 (deſerve.
 Gaming is good for nothing but Fight and Curſe,
 Yet when all's gone, they think nothing worſe.

I

Thoſe

Those that ill memories have, no patience want,
 When they forget all, they think nothing on't.
 Nothing is dearer than a Mistriss fight,
 Yet good for nothing when shees known to be
 (Right.

Nothing is sweeter then the new cropt Role,
 Nothing is whiter then the *Alpin* Snows :
 Nothing is better than a trusty Friend,
 Yet nothing worse if Quarrel be at the end.
 Nothings so good as meat to a hungry Soul,
 Yet nothing worse, if poyson be i'th' bowl.
 Nothings like Wine, the heart to exhilarate,
 Yet nothing worse, if it be Sophistificate.
 Nothings in every Childs mouth that's unruly,
 Ask them what they did, I did nothing truly.
 So rare was nothing, that long since 'twas made
 Reward unto desert : so service was paid
 Richly with nothing : therefore do not grieve
 To wear this new-thing nothing on your Sleeve.
 Or if you think 'twill not become you there,
 Let then this nothing new dangle in your ear.
 So taking leave at *Dover* on the high-hill,
 I rest your Annihilated Friend *Monsieur Nihil*.

Madam

Madam Aliqua's Retort.

Sir I do find that you have made a shift
 To send me nothing for my *New-Years-gift*.
 Which you may find I can make something of.
 And that you may perhaps at something scoff
 Which I shall say : hark my nothing Shaver,
 Do you not know that something has a favor :
 Something for this Friend, and something for that
 I have ; but you perhaps will ask me what
 That something is, that I so freely spare .
 Unto my other Friends, and you not share
 Therein ; for you shall nothing have to your part,
 You'll ask what nothings that, Faith 'tis a Fart ;
 You may perchance smell something in't, if you do
 Tak't for your pains , nay you may Nose it to :
 And if you find that nothing then doth please you,
 Yet you may smell that something dos disease you.
 Something you know's for food, something for
 (Smell,
 Which you by late Experience know full well.
 If something I've said, touch you to the quick,
 You'll make nothing on't although it made you
 (Sick.
 If nothing out of something can't be pick't,
 Then nothing deserves by something to be kick't.
 But how can nothing then be kickt you'll say,
 Yes something has been kik't to nothing quite
 away. I 2 Have

2. Let him flatter and lie,
What is it to thee and I,
And Ape Noll in every condition.
If we thrive upon't,
Let all the World want,
And the City kneel down and Petition.

Chorus. *Then drink a full brimmer to him that intends
For the good of the Souldier to labour his ends.*

Another Song.

1. **WE** came from Scotland with a small force,
With a hey down, down a down a,
But with hearts far truer then steel.

We got by my Fay,
The glory o'th' Day,
Yet no man a hurt did feel.

2. When Lambert first our Army did face,
With a hey down, down a down a,
He look't as fierce as the Devil.

We fear'd a Rout,
But he fac'd about

The Gentleman was so civil.

3. General Monk with the Countries Love,
With a hey down, down a down a,

All persons to him did address,

Small mony we spent

For we found as we went

Good Friends, and here find no less.

A New Song.

THe day you wish'd Arriv'd at last,
You wish as much that it were past :
One Minute more, and Night will hide,
The Bridegroom and the blushing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed does go,
Take heed, O Youth, she rise not so.
She pants and trembles at her Doom,
And fears, and wishes thou wouldst come :
The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face ;
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
Prayes and threats at once does use ;
She softly sighing, begs delay,
And with her hand puts him away ;
Then out aloud for help she cries,
And then despairing shuts her eyes.

Another New Song.

1. WHy, O Cupid, so dost thou shun,
Thy disdain's alas have undone me :
When you left me to choose at my pleasure,
I rob'd my poor heart of its treasure.
And now all in vain I pine and moan,
For the only man I love alas is gone.

2. Since

2. Since you wounded my heart, now in vain
Let my Sighs recall him again.
I'll lament my unfortunate hour,
I'll blame, and at once bless thy power.
If by sighs and tears, I may but once restore
Him into my Armes, or else let me love no more.

To the Minnuet Tune.

Since my free hopes are tost on despair,
And faithless *Armeda* is deaf to my Prayer:
This to her frailty of power I'll shew,
That which gives me despair can ne're force me to
(love.

Beauty in flames, where affection is poor,
There the blind Sott, though he's kickt out a door,
Will still her good Nature and Beauty Implore.
Fondness of love is obliging in no man,
Wheadles and Amorous dying is common.
'Tis the true heart (remov'd by a scorn,)
Can place a love that ne're shall be worn.

Another

Another Song.

O I stay my dear *Phillis* before you resign,
That heart to an other which ought to be
(mine.

My faith and obedience my Title doth prove,
If you will allow Justice and Reason in Love:
But if your old Kindness for me you'll abate,
Being tempted to yield for a better Estate.
I find me mistaken, for vainly I thought,
That Vertue and Love were not to be bought.
Accurst be the Inventer of Joynters and Dowers,
The want whereof makes me sit many sad hours.
Since Women I find hath not power to say no,
To a Fool that is fine, and hath Writings to show.
Though their Bodies and Minds alike are unsound
Yet their wealth for their faults and their follies
(compound.

What Vertues are those then that e're can prevail,
Since Marriage and Love are but Bargain and Sale.
O fie on Desemblers, whose business I find
Is only to vex and torment a mans mind.
Had Nature been kind, and given me a heart
To flatter like you, I had mist all the smart.
But instead of Blind *Cupid*, kind death I request
To cure me of all Cares, and to bring me to rest.
When if it's my Fortune amongst Angles to be,
I'll teach them to rail against them like me.

D X
H 1887a

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